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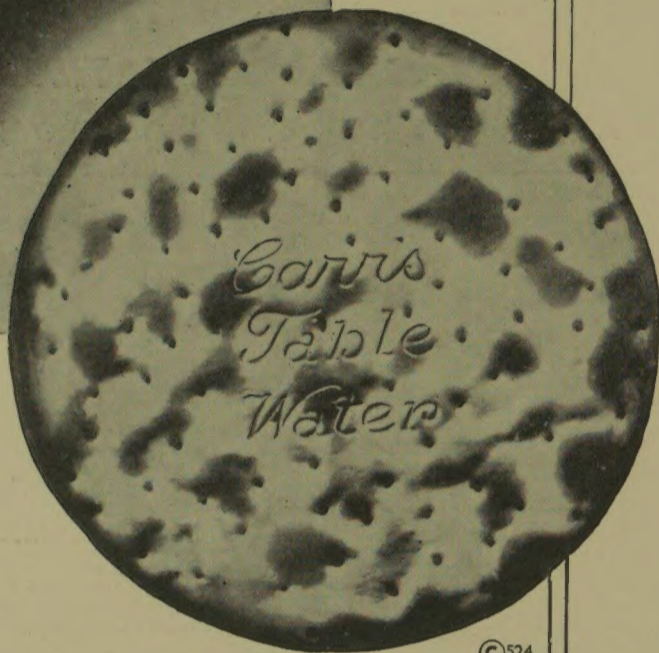
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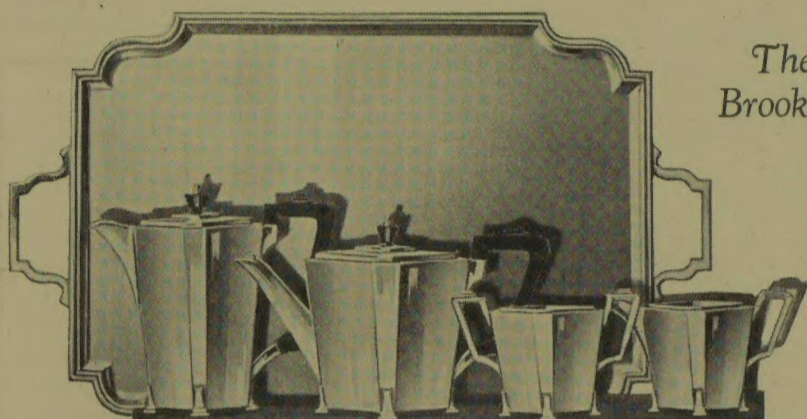
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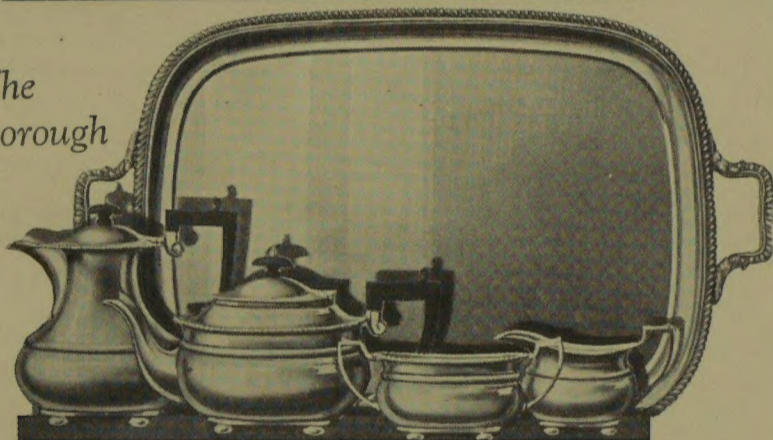
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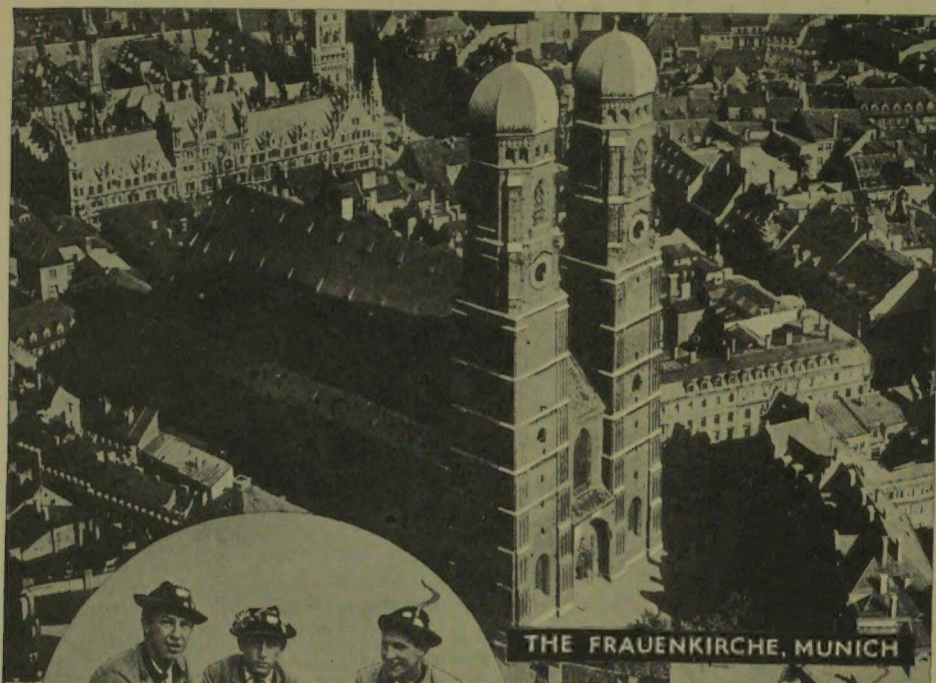
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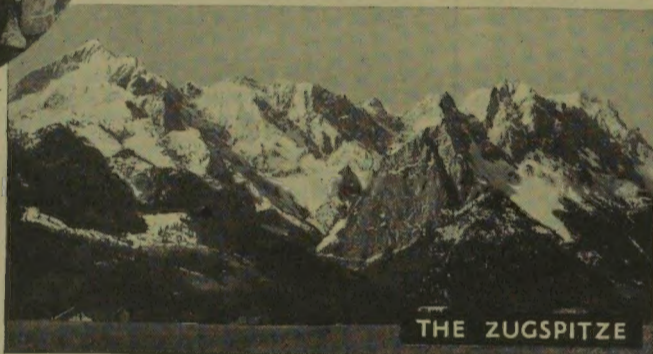
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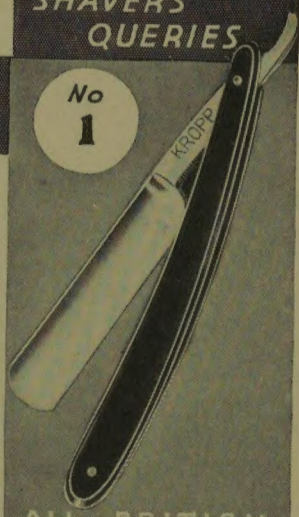
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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1934.



**DETAIL OF A MOST POPULAR PICTURE IN THE PARIS SALON: THE HEAD OF THE KING
FROM THE FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY BY J. ST. HELIER LANDER.**

As is noted above, this reproduction shows the head of his Majesty the King from the full-length portrait which is a feature of the 1934 Paris Salon and has attracted so much well-merited attention that we have arranged to publish it in its full colours later on. A small photograph of the complete work is

on "Our Notebook" page. Meantime, it may be added that the picture is of particular interest not only because it is so true a likeness and by so eminent a painter, but because plans are already being discussed for the celebration in May of next year of the Silver Jubilee of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne.

DETAIL FROM THE FULL-LENGTH SALON PICTURE BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER, R.O.I. SEE ALSO "OUR NOTEBOOK." (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN a recent issue, I remarked that the Germans have a weakness for Mythology. The phrase has been queried; but I do not use it as a mere term of abuse; for, indeed, I think I have a weakness for Mythology myself. Only I try not to regard my weakness as my strength. I could never read some huge, primitive myth about how the world was made out of a dead giant, the sky being his skull, or the sun and moon his eyes, or the sea his green blood, without wishing for one wild moment that I were the infant Hottentot or Eskimo who heard some such story from his grandmother and stood drinking it all in as innocently as I should like to do. I can never read of one of those baffling and fascinating totem-heroes who seems at once to be a man and a bald-headed eagle, or what not; and how he stole fire from the sun for the use of men, or cracked the sky to let in the upper sea, which is the rain, without wishing faintly that I were in the first morning of the world, when such things could be believed. Perhaps the Germans are still in the morning of the world. Perhaps there is that streak of truth in all their talk about their race as one descended from gods and heroes. I am well aware, however, that they have another side, which may seem paradoxically opposite; a literal and laborious side which deals with details very much in detail. And, lest some German professor should take my mythological weakness too seriously, I hasten to explain that there are no such myths as the two I have mentioned, though there are myths very similar. I made them up out of my own head. But the curious thing is that, in certain other departments, this is exactly what the Germans do.

There are certain primitive elements in the German people which are in truth faintly suggested in the very fact that they call the people a folk. To do it justice, it is a folk that is still producing folk-lore. A very agreeable product; but it must be admitted that, as in the case of the bald-headed eagle who cracked the sky, folk-lore is not always identical with fact. There are other elements that have this rather indescribable quality. We see it, for instance, in the particular *kind* of unity which the Germans exhibit from time to time. It is not, despite all their discipline, merely a disciplined unity. It is a gregarious unity. No doubt there was something pedantic in the way in which some writers, a few years ago, interpreted human things in terms of the Herd Instinct. They made it cover much too much of life, and certainly far too large a section of the earth. But it may be reasonably conjectured, in so mysterious a matter, that whatever it is in men that is allied to the animals is often allied to the gregarious animals. In a word, there is something about them that is prehistoric. Even their learned professors, in a very special sense, are often prehistoric. I mean that, learned as they are, they seem never to have heard of history.

But I repeat that this quality is not in itself odious, but sometimes almost lovable. On the whole, Mythology is a much better thing than Propaganda. Mythology is simply believing whatever you can imagine. Propaganda is, more often, believing that other people will believe whatever you can invent. There is something more than a mere manufacture of lies about the unexhausted Teuton power in the production of myths. That is why I try to be polite to the German professor, and call him prehistoric, when ruder spirits might be content to call him

unhistorical. But I take it as certain that the *spirit* in the German way of telling the German story is entirely unhistorical. With all their external parade of science, their motive is not scientific. Their motive is that of a tribal tradition magnifying and exaggerating the heroes and victories of the tribe. Nobody denies that they have had heroes and victories; but the way of dealing with them is utterly out of proportion. It is quite natural that they should tell us how the spirited skirmish of Arminius cut off a few legions of Augustus. But to hear some

spontaneity, and especially in their suddenness. They created out of nothing the story that all Teutonic barbarians, unlike all Celtic or Slavonic barbarians, were, for some mysterious reason, a race of golden-haired gods. They have created stories quite as stupendous within the last year or two. And, above all, they have credited what they created. The Teuton doubles the part of the creative poet and the credulous listener. He tells himself tales and believes them. He lives in a different world from ours; perhaps at once an older and a younger one.

He explains to us, to some extent, how it was that primitive men could worship images that were obviously only imaginations. It does not matter, for the purposes of this argument, whether we think such a world of imagination lower or higher than reality. I have already quoted the saying of a great German who must have really understood the Germans: "In the beginning God gave to the French the land and to the English the sea and to the Germans the clouds."

Thus there is a New Myth spread quite recently and rapidly over all Germany, almost in a few months. The New Myth is that Germany was never defeated in the Great War. You could not have a more astounding and catastrophic collision than that, between mythology and history. But the point is that the mythology is actually more modern than the history. All Germans apparently find it easy to believe it; though I can imagine few things more difficult to believe than a statement like that: that a great and somewhat arrogant Empire consented to sink the whole of its fleet and give up all its colonies, as well as nearly all its conquests in foreign countries, when it had not really been defeated. But this cloud, as it lies on the mind of a whole people, now looks as solid as a mountain. It may remain as a legend quite as fixed as that which makes Arminius rather more important than Augustus. The other part of the New Myth is that the complete surrender of all the German armies was somehow or other brought about by the Jews. I have never underrated the real problem of the international position of the Jews; but I should say that this was just about the sort of thing that the Jews alone could not possibly do.

But the point is not that you and I could never believe it in a thousand years. The point is that the Germans themselves did not believe it until within about two years. There is no evidence that the average German, for the first five or six years after his defeat, had even the faintest doubt that he had been defeated. He might think he was unjustly defeated, or unjustly treated after defeat; and he would have a right to his opinion, though there are others whose opinion I think more sound. But most of such men would have thought it sheer madness

to deny the very calamity from which they suffered. These people are not the only people among whom a theorist may throw out a theory that might well appear mad. But they are the only people among whom that theory can be instantly and universally believed. To make up history after it has happened, and to make it up all different, may seem to some to have something even wildly poetical and attractive about it. But in practical politics these immense international illusions are very dangerous; and the clouds in which these people live have broken before now about us, not only in rain but in lightning and falling fire.



THE FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING WHICH IS A FEATURE OF THE 1934 PARIS SALON: A FINE WORK BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

As promised under our front-page reproduction of detail of the head, we here give a small photograph of the full-length portrait of his Majesty which is so popular a feature of the 1934 Paris Salon, a work hailed by "Le Temps" as "one of the most perfect examples of the official painting one can see in England." As to the artist, there is no need for us to enlarge upon his abilities: our readers know them well from a number of pictures we have printed.

From the Salon Picture by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I. (Copyright Reserved.)

of them telling it, one would think that Arminius had defeated the whole Roman Army and even menaced the whole Roman Empire. I doubt whether there was ever any moment in history when it could truly be said that the Teutons had conquered the Roman Empire. But it is idle to speculate about events of those remote times, when the whole point of the position is that the same thing is going on in our own time.

The extraordinary thing about Germany is that it can still produce modern myths like the ancient myths. There is something almost innocent in their

LORD WILLINGDON FLYING HOME ON LEAVE: THE VICEROY AND THE VICEROY'S HOUSE IN NEW DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KINSEY BROTHERS.



THE WAR MEMORIAL ARCH AT NEW DELHI; WITH THE SINGLE WORD "INDIA" SURMOUNTING THE INSCRIPTION TO THE FALLEN—THE VICEROY'S HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE: A PART OF THE NEW CENTRE OF INDIAN GOVERNMENT, PLANNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.



MOUNTING THE GUARD AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE: A VIEW FROM THE STEPS; SHOWING THE JAIPUR COLUMN AND SIR HERBERT BAKER'S SECRETARIAT BUILDINGS ON EACH SIDE.



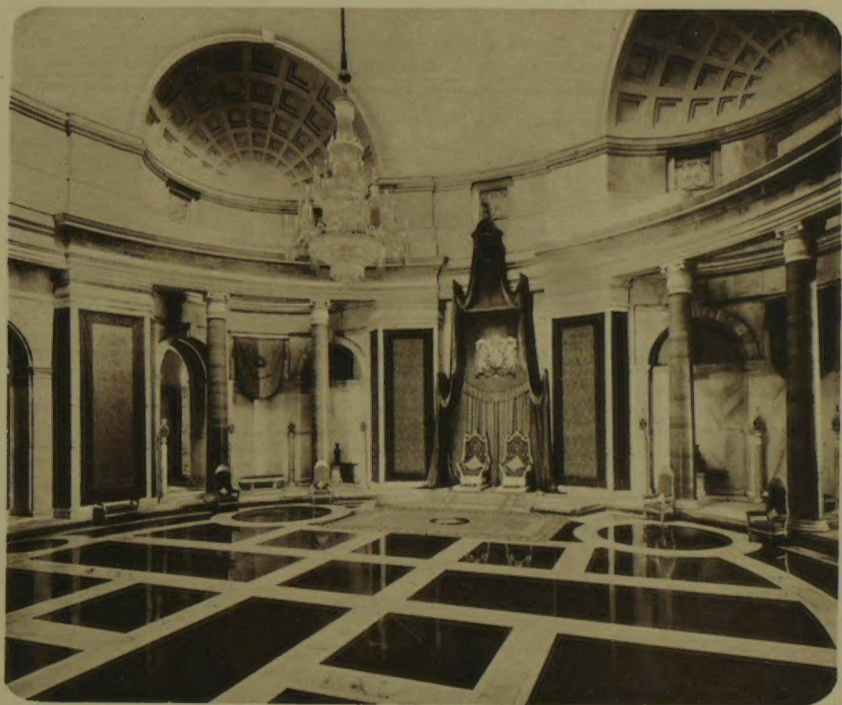
AN INVESTITURE IN THE DURBAR HALL AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WILLINGDON, ATTENDED BY FOUR PAGES IN BLUE SATIN COATS—THE MAHARAJ KUMARS OF JIND, JODHPUR, AND RUTLAM, AND THE NAWABZADA OF BAHAWALPUR.



MOUNTING THE GUARD AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE: A SPECTACULAR CEREMONY WHICH TAKES PLACE TWICE A WEEK AND ATTRACTS CROWDS OF SIGHTSEERS.

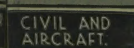


THE VICEROY'S HOUSE FROM THE BACK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SMALL PART OF THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS RECENTLY LAID OUT—A FITTING ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE MAJESTIC PALACE BUILT TO SIR EDWIN LUTYENS'S DESIGNS A FEW YEARS AGO.



THE THRONE ROOM AND DURBAR HALL AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE: A MAGNIFICENT STATE APARTMENT IN WHICH THE SCENES OF CEREMONY ARE HIGHLY SPECTACULAR.

THE Earl and Countess of Willingdon are taking a hard-earned holiday after three of the five years of the Viceroyalty. They left New Delhi for Europe in an Imperial Airways machine on May 15 for a vacation of three months, and have arranged to spend some time on the Continent before arriving in England about the middle of June. It had been Lord Willingdon's original intention to reach London before the end of May, so that members of the Joint Committee might consult him before drawing up their report; but the delay necessitated by an inquiry into Mr. Winston Churchill's statements enables him to enjoy a real holiday before flying on home. Their Excellencies spent the morning of May 15 at the Viceroy's House with Sir George and Lady Stanley before leaving for Karachi. Sir George Stanley, Governor of the Madras Presidency, was sworn in on May 16 as Acting Viceroy, to remain so during Lord Willingdon's absence.



BRITISH AIRCRAFT—(ABOVE) R.A.F. MACHINES; (BELOW) CIVIL AND COMMERCIAL AEROPLANES.

"EXHIBITS" PUBLICLY INSPECTED ON EMPIRE AIR DAY: REPRESENTATIVE TYPES OF MODERN

Empire Air Day (that is, Empire Day, May 24), organised by the Air League of the British Empire, enabled the public to inspect forty Royal Air Force stations and see for the first time the daily routine work of the personnel that goes to make our Air Force, though fifth in the world's air strength, the most powerful in the world. The exhibition was divided into five main sections: Bomber, Air co-operation, Flying-boat and Training groups, and the machine. The various types illustrated on the upper portion of these pages were on display in the lower portion, that is, the section that is familiar red, white, and blue vertical stripes on the rudders of all British fighting aircraft will no longer be used, and the rudders will all become plain. There was also very hearty co-operation in Empire Air Day plans by those controlling civil aviation. Great Britain's Great Britain Civil Aviation Authority thrown open to the public, 38 flying clubs, and one gliding club; while several large aircraft contractors allowed the public to inspect their works. The Government also admitted 100,000 children to the exhibition at special prices for parents. All admission fees went to aviation charities. To-day there are 995 civil aircraft registered in this country, of which 408 are privately owned. Further, there are 1,000 aeroplanes, 1,000 motor gliders, and 1,000 balloons.

ighting aircraft will no longer be used, and the rudders will all become plain. There was also very heavy co-operation in Empire Air Day plans by those controlling civil aviation in Great Britain. There were 22 civil aerodromes thrown open to the public, 38 flying clubs, and one gliding club; while several large aircraft contractors allowed the public to inspect their works. The charge for admission was 1s. and for children 6d., with special prices for parties. The following table gives the number of aircraft seen by 995,137 visitors. Of the aircraft registered in this country, of which 408 are privately owned, 2,311 are more, there are 80 commercial machines operating on regular transport.

routes. Obviously it is impossible in the limited space at our disposal to show every type of British aeroplane in existence, but Mr. G. H. Davis, with the assistance of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, British aeroplane builders, and from official information, has been enabled to give a good representation of types, showing the most modern monoplanes and biplanes of the popular light-aeroplane class, as used by private owners and the clubs, and the popular large touring machines, and the big touring machines.

Probably this spring will be remembered as the season which saw the real beginning of British internal airways. The co-operation of the railways has

led to the establishment of regular air connections between London, Liverpool, and Glasgow; Liverpool, the Isle of Man, and Belfast; Bristol and Cardiff; linking Bournemouth and Birmingham; Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight; linking Brighton, London, and the Channel Islands; London, Plymouth, and Torquay; and Inverness, Wick, and Aberdeen. The British Overseas Airways giant air service is now being put into service by Imperial Airways, Ltd., on the London-Paris route. She is the largest and most luxurious passenger machine on any air-service in the world. Illustrations of the "Soylla" appear on another page in this number. —[DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MUSICAL folk are generally regarded as dwelling apart, in a spiritual world of their own, free from the turmoil of politics or commerce, and ranging, amid a concourse of sweet sounds,

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

This idealistic picture, however, is not quite in accordance with the facts. Musicians must eat, like the common herd; and, through the exigencies of their calling, perhaps even more than most people must find the wherewithal to be adequately clothed. Nor are they impervious to political considerations, as examples will show.

The first of these is a memoir that will appeal strongly to opera-goers, namely, "ROSSINI." And Some Forgotten Nightingales. By Lord Derwent. With eighteen Illustrations (Duckworth; 15s.). Lord Derwent has no lack of the vitality which he so much admires in Beyle (*alias* Stendhal), by whose study of Rossini his own was inspired. Vitality, in fact, is the dominant note of a book that simply palpitates with enthusiasm, so infectious in its exuberance as to grip even those readers who are not themselves such ardent devotees of music. The author is evidently saturated in his subject, and with Rossini's personal career he interweaves a mass of detail concerning a prolific period in the history of opera, a host of personalities connected with it, and the social setting in which they moved. Particularly interesting are Rossini's experiences in London and his visit to George IV. at Brighton, his conversation with Wagner on "the new music," and the strange story of the male sopranos, with entrancing voices, who played feminine rôles on the operatic stage till the beginning of the nineteenth century. Lord Derwent recalls also many a bygone *prima donna*, including La Malibran, "the most ravishing of all the nightingales of the past century," who died at twenty-eight, at the height of her glory, after a fall from her horse in the Manchester Festival of 1836.

The influence of political events on opera and music generally, during the period in question, is exemplified in the first words of the opening chapter (on earlier composers), quoted from Beyle's introduction to his work on Rossini: "On Jan. 11, 1801, Cimarosa died at Venice from the consequences of the barbarous treatment he had been receiving in Naples, in the dungeons where Queen Caroline had had him thrown." I cannot find any further particulars of this affair, but elsewhere Lord Derwent writes: "Cimarosa's life bears a curious resemblance to that of Paisiello. Both were summoned to Russia by Catherine; both ended their lives miserably, through a disregard of the political changes that took place in Naples, in the dungeons where Queen Caroline had had him thrown." Still more relevant is this passage referring to events in 1846: "And now politics, Rossini's most active enemy, began to cast fresh shadows over his life." These political "shadows" took definite shape two years later. Concerning the upheavals of 1848 we read: "That volcanic year was to overturn, together with much that had seemed undislodgable in Europe, Rossini's whole Bolognese existence, founded on years of affection and sacrifice of self." Twitted as "a rich reactionary," he quitted Bologna in haste for Florence.

Musicians, like poets, often reflect political sentiments in their work—sometimes, as we have seen, to their own undoing—but not many, I think, have actually forsaken music for political activities. Lord Derwent mentions one peculiar instance—the arrival in Spain, in 1737, of "that most romantic of musical figures of the time, the soprano Farinelli, who became the favourite and Minister of Philip V." According to another authority, Farinelli acquired "the power, if not the name, of Prime Minister," both under Philip V. and his successor, Ferdinand VI., and used his influence wisely. I cannot recall any other musician, or artist of any sort, in past times, who has held an analogous position, unless we except the ambassadorial functions of Rubens. Recent history, however, provides the classical example of a patriot-musician, happily still living, who has done great things for his country and has wielded real political power in an official capacity. I refer, of course, to the world-famous pianist who became Prime Minister of Poland. That was probably the last fate which any of Paderewski's London adorers would have imagined likely to befall him, at the time (which I well remember) when his marvellous playing and his hair of Swinburnian hue created a furore in our concert halls.

This brings me to a pair of more or less simultaneous biographies, already briefly noted on this page, which

prove that a great musician can be also a great statesman. These two books are "PADEREWSKI." The Story of a Modern Immortal. By Charles Phillips. Author of "The New Poland." With an Introduction by Edward Mandell House. Illustrated (Macmillan; 16s.); and "PADEREWSKI." By Rom Landau. Illustrated (Nicholson and Watson; 18s.). One wonders whether either of the authors was aware that the other was engaged on the same subject as himself. M. Landau tells us that he took over four years to gather his material, and he makes many allusions to Colonel House, occasionally quoting him. Professor Phillips likewise refers several times to M. Landau as "Pilsudski's biographer," and also quotes him on Paderewski himself. I shall certainly not attempt to draw any comparisons, "odious" or otherwise, between the two books, but I think I might venture on the assertion that neither of them renders the other superfluous. They might rather be called mutually complementary, approaching the subject as they do from different national standpoints, and naturally tending to variations of stress on different phases of action and character.



A MOST UNORTHODOX SAIL-PLAN, OF LATEEN SAIL, MIZZEN, AND VERY PECULIAR TOPSAIL: A TRADER OF A TYPE THAT WAS FORMERLY USED FOR SLAVE-RAIDING, PHOTOGRAPHED ABOUT TEN MILES OUT FROM MOMBASA.

This dhow's peculiar sail-plan makes it worthy to be added to the "gallery" of strange Eastern craft published in our issue of April 7. Vessels of her type were, it is asserted, used for slave-raiding not very many years ago, and it is possible that this still goes on to some extent at isolated spots on the East African coast. Further north, at the southern end of the Red Sea, there is still a notorious centre of the slave traffic between Africa and Arabia, in spite of the efforts of European Powers to put an end to it.

Both writers agree, however, in emphasising Paderewski's essential greatness as a patriot, statesman, and orator, who, abandoning a lucrative profession, came to his country's aid in her hour of need and accomplished a splendid work on her behalf. Both books are excellent as biographies, and make delightful reading. Paderewski, it may be added, emerges as a man of wonderful versatility, for, besides his musical and political phases, we come to know him as an enthusiastic farmer and country gentleman, a bookman and philosopher of wide reading, and a remarkable linguist. His gift of tongues stood him in good stead at the Peace Conference, where he signed the Versailles Treaty on behalf of Poland. He needed no interpreter, we learn, for any language spoken in the Council. "Speaking seven," writes Professor Phillips, "he has added to them a reading knowledge of Hebrew, in order to indulge his taste for Biblical studies. During his earliest visits

to England and America he made a thorough study of the English classics." Is it generally remembered that among his musical works is an opera, "Manru," produced at Dresden in 1901 and afterwards in the United States?

I come now to the self-told story of another musician, who, while not perhaps a politician himself, has certainly been affected by political developments in his native land. My reference is to "RACHMANINOFF'S RECOLLECTIONS." Told to Oskar von Riesemann. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). This also is a book which will, I believe, be of the deepest interest to music-lovers. The variety of its appeal may be gathered from the fact that Rachmaninoff himself has said: "I have never been quite able to make up my mind as to which was my true calling—that of a composer, pianist or conductor." Of late years, it seems, his works have been denounced by Bolshevik critics in Russia as "bourgeois through and through in their emotional effects." It was in 1917 that Rachmaninoff decided to remove from Russia, and he gives his own impressions of the Revolution. "The anarchy around me," he says, "the brutal uprooting of all the foundations of art, the senseless destruction of all means for its encouragement, left no hope of a normal life in Russia."

Eventually, he succeeded in leaving Russia, with his family, for a professional tour in Scandinavia, and a year later, on the eve of the first Armistice Day, they arrived in New York. "Rachmaninoff was right," the account continues, "when he presumed that in America he would be able to 'make a living in one way or another.' . . .

The concert agents approached him with the most varied suggestions. Amongst these was one of the most famous of all American managers, Charles Ellis, who so far had placed his services at the disposal of only three artists: Paderewski, Kreisler, and Geraldine Farrar. As Paderewski had exchanged the piano stool for the presidential throne [*sic*] of the newly created Polish Republic, Ellis had, as one may say, a vacancy at his disposal, which he offered to Rachmaninoff, who accepted it eagerly and has never had cause to regret it." Paderewski, by the way, was not President but Premier of Poland.

Remembering that physical as well as intellectual pursuits are a feature of the season, I now make an abrupt transition from music and opera to mention one or two books of interest to the sporting fraternity. Those to whom Cowes is more than Covent Garden may be appropriately reminded of a revised and enlarged edition of a work which they doubtless know as

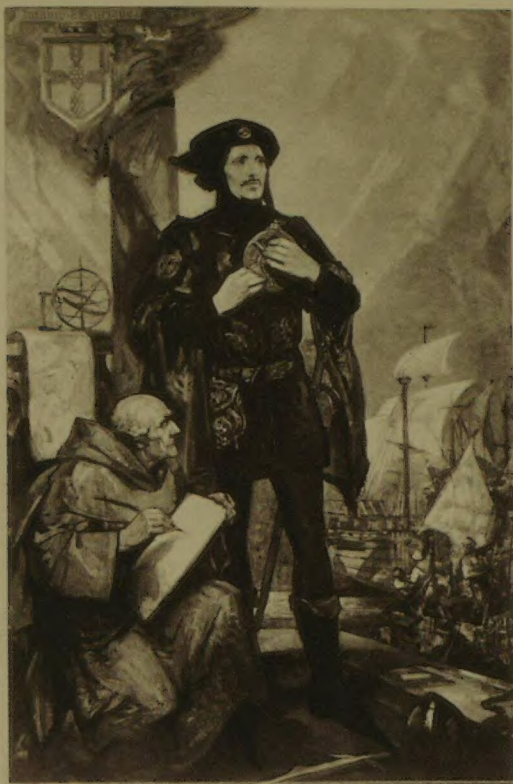
an invaluable *vade mecum*: "THE YACHTSMAN'S PILOT" to the Harbours of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland; and the Continent of Europe from Ymuiden to Bordeaux; Bordeaux to Sète by Inland Waters; and the Mediterranean Harbours from Sète to Toulon. By E. Keble Chatterton.

Illustrated with forty-two Harbour Plans (Hurst and Blackett; 21s.). Those to whom the Oval is more than the Wagnerian "Ring" will include among their necessities of life "THE CRICKETERS' WHO'S WHO." Compiled by S. Canynge Caple. Abundantly Illustrated (Lincoln Williams; 3s. 6d.). As its title implies, this book contains short biographies of the well-known living cricketers, including those of the United States. Those to whom Wimbledon is more than Bayreuth will find all they need to know in "AYRES' LAWN TENNIS ALMANACK AND TOURNAMENT GUIDE, 1934." Edited by A. Wallis Myers. Illustrated (F. H. Ayres, Ltd.; 5s.). Part of the opening article first appeared in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Finally, those to whom a dog is more than a *diva* will appreciate an informative and well-illustrated little book entitled "GREYHOUNDS AND GREYHOUND RACING." A Comprehensive and Popular Survey of Britain's latest Sport. By Carlo F. Culpeper Clarke. With a Foreword by Sir Frederick Hobday. Illustrated (Methuen; 5s.). Mrs. Carlo Clarke is well known in the dog world as breeder, judge, and writer, and she gives here an authoritative survey of the new sport, with useful notes on the care of greyhounds. Nor does she neglect the historical side of her subject. "It has been claimed," she writes, "that the greyhound is the oldest pure breed of dog of which we have authentic data. It is, I believe, unique as the only breed mentioned in the Old Testament; for Solomon includes a greyhound amongst the four 'things which are comely in going.' . . . There is in the British Museum a lamp, dating from 400 B.C., made in the form of a greyhound's head, holding a hare in its mouth, which might have been modelled from 'Fullerton,' or any modern Waterloo Cup winner." I doubt, however, whether even this disclosure will draw such crowds from Wembley or the White City as to cause congestion in the Department of Antiquities.—C. E. B.

South Africa House Wall Paintings:

Mural Pictures to be First Shown
on South Africa's National Day.



"PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR":
BY J. A. AMSHEWITZ.



"BARTHOLOMEU DIAZ":
BY J. A. AMSHEWITZ.



"VASCO DA GAMA":
BY J. A. AMSHEWITZ.



"A SCENE ON THE VELDT IN WINTER;
VIEWED FROM THE DRAKENSBERG AT
HARRISMITH": BY J. H. PIERNEEF.



"KOEDOESRIVIER IN WINTER: A SCENE IN THE LOW VELDT
(NORTHERN TRANSVAAL)": BY J. H. PIERNEEF.



"AN AUTUMN SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA—
DIE HOEK, HOUTBOSBERG DISTRICT,
PIETERSBURG": BY J. H. PIERNEEF.



WALL PAINTINGS BY JAN JUTA: (LEFT) THE PEACEFUL NATIVE LIFE OF THE PRESENT DAY;
FOR COMPARISON, THE WAR-LIKE CONDITIONS THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS ENCOUNTERED (RIGHT);
AND (CENTRE) VAN RIEBEECK'S ARRIVAL AT TABLE BAY, 1652.

THE works of art reproduced here are among those that will be shown in South Africa House, for the first time, on the occasion of the reception arranged for the South African National Day on May 31. The scheme of mural decorations for South Africa House will then be on view; as well as a number of representative works by other well-known South African artists. The symbolical map of Southern Africa carried out in tapestry to the design of MacDonald Gill will also be shown.

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BURROWING SHELL-FISH: MOLLUSCS THAT EXCAVATE WITH RASPS AND WITH ACID.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE other day a friend of mine sent me a piece of wood that had been bored by the "ship-worm" (*Teredo navalis*). The gift was most acceptable, and it set me pondering over the mystery of the origin of this strange habit of boring for a living, which is shared by several other molluscs, or "shell-fish," as they are commonly called.

But the ship-worm is the most notorious of them all: indeed, it has won for itself an evil reputation; for in the days of

to mark the spot. It is now only about one-hundredth of an inch in diameter.

It has been found that a burrow 11 in. long can be excavated in thirty-one weeks. When full-grown, *Teredo navalis* measures from 12 to 16 in. in length; but an allied Australian species may attain to a length of nearly 6 ft., making a burrow an inch in diameter.

Three species of ship-worm are common on our coasts. But they present no essential differences in their mode of life.

Some other species of molluscs are also wood-borers. They are nearly related to the genus *Teredo*, but by no means so destructive, and their burrows are

thereto may have been induced from an earlier ancestral habit of burrowing into the sea-floor, as is indeed, the custom of the majority of the bivalves.

But be this as it may, the habit has brought about the development of special organs and mechanisms for the difficult task of drilling into rocks of various kinds, some of great hardness.

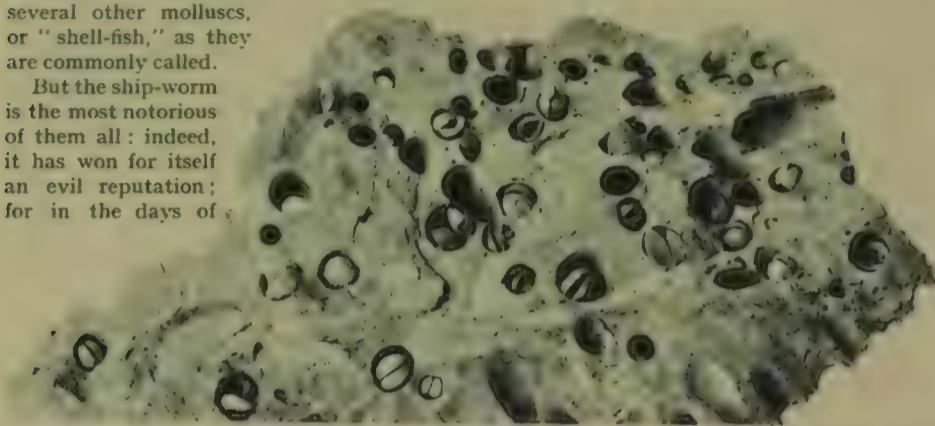
Let me take first the case of the piddock (*Pholas dactylus*; Fig. 3), a near relation of the ship-worm (*Teredo*). In appearance, however, it is very different. In the first place, it lives within the valves of its white shell, which gapes open at each end. It may attain to a length of as much as six inches. Through its hinder-end, as with *Teredo*, the siphons protrude; and these, be it noted, are provided with eyes, so that warning may be given of the approach of enemies. This species is also remarkable for the fact that it emits a phosphorescent light, though what benefit this confers on the animal is not apparent. It seems to have no special choice as to the kind of rock it bores in, for its pits, which may be as much as a foot deep, have been found in limestone, sandstone, shale, and mica-schist, as well as in peat and wood. The work of boring is done by means of spines borne on the front of the shell, which is made to twist in half-circles, right and left, by the action of the foot, and which, at the same time, anchors the body. But since the mouth of the burrow increases in width as the animal grows, the head end, with its rasp, can have no part in the increase in this diameter, which is supposed to be attained by means of a corrosive fluid set free from the body.

Side by side with the burrows of the piddock one may occasionally find a very much smaller one, occupied by what looks like a young piddock; but it is really that of *Petricola pholadiformis*, a species not even remotely related to the piddock, and introduced, apparently, into our waters from North America with oysters.

One of the commonest of our rock-borers is *Saxicava rugosa* (Fig. 1), which does not exceed an inch in length. It is usually found in limestone rocks, and of such hardness as to make it seem impossible that so fragile a creature could have formed such a burrow. It is generally believed that the work is done largely by chemical means—some fluid exuded from the body. It also bores into sandstone. No large amount of fluid would have to be expended in this way; it would suffice if it merely exuded from the mantle where it came in contact with the rock.

But there is one rock-borer which quite certainly burrows its way by means of a chemical solution, and this is the date-shell (*Lithophaga*) of the Mediterranean and tropical seas. As its name suggests, both in shape and coloration it suggests a date. It always burrows in limestone or some other calcareous rock, easily solved by the aid of an acid formed by a special gland in the soft tissues just within the shell. For acid attacks calcareous matter very readily, but not other forms of rocks; hence the preference for limestone rocks.

The date-shell is a near relation of the mussel, and is in no way related to the piddock. It is, indeed, very remarkable that so many different kinds of molluscs should have adopted this burrowing habit, with its consequent common likeness in shape.



1. A SMALL SPECIES OF BURROWING MOLLUSC, WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, MAKES USE OF A CHEMICAL SOLVENT TO WORK ITS WAY INTO ROCKS: THE SAXICAVA (*SAXICAVA RUGOSA*), THE COMMONEST OF OUR ROCK-BORING MOLLUSCS, WHICH CAN BURROW INTO THE HARDEST LIMESTONE.

The solvent substance which probably accounts for *Saxicava*'s remarkable excavating powers is thought to be formed in the "mantle"—the soft, fleshy membrane which forms the shell itself. In the case of another mollusc, the Mediterranean date-shell, there is no question that acid is used as a means of burrowing into limestone and other calcareous rocks. A genus allied to *Saxicava* (*Rocellaria Dubia*), to be found on British coasts, will work its way even into granite!

wooden ships it was a scourge, riddling their hulls with holes. To-day it has to confine its activities to the wooden piles of piers. Where and how did it live before man began to provide it with a dwelling-place? I have yet to find an answer to this query. Since it now feeds upon wood, it must have led a precarious existence if it had to depend on drift-wood brought down by rivers to the sea. We have certainly something yet to learn concerning this strange creature.

Its life-history, from the larval stage onwards, however, is fairly complete; and is well worth knowing, if only for the facts it reveals as touching the transformation of animals, whereby they become adjusted to new conditions of life, often of a very strange character.

In looking at these white tubes of shell, embedded in a piece of wood, one would never suppose that they were made by a mollusc. Their true nature can be discovered only when the whole structure, containing the soft body which formed the tube, is examined. This body is worm-like. At the end farthest from the surface-aperture of the tube it will be found to bear a pair of shells of quite peculiar shape, used for boring a passage into the wood. They are the true shells, comparable to the pair of the mussel or the oyster. The long, stony tunnel is a secondary structure, formed as a lining to the hole as it is being bored. At the other end of this soft body will be found a pair of spoon-shaped plates, known as the "pallets." They serve to close the tube when the creature is alarmed. Normally they are drawn aside to allow the exit of a pair of tubes—the exhalent and inhalent siphons—whereby clean water for breathing, and microscopic animals, are drawn in to supplement the diet of wood. From the other siphon the vitiated water and excreta are expelled. These tubes run the whole length of the body, leading to the gill-chamber and the mouth.

When fully mature the female produces eggs which are hatched in the gill-chambers, wherein the early embryonic stages are passed. But in a very short time the minute larvæ are expelled into the sea, and there they soon develop a tiny pair of shells, beyond which a spout-like projection of the body, encircled by delicate waving threads, or "cilia," serves to carry the tiny wanderer to a suitable resting-place. It looks like a tiny swimming cockle.

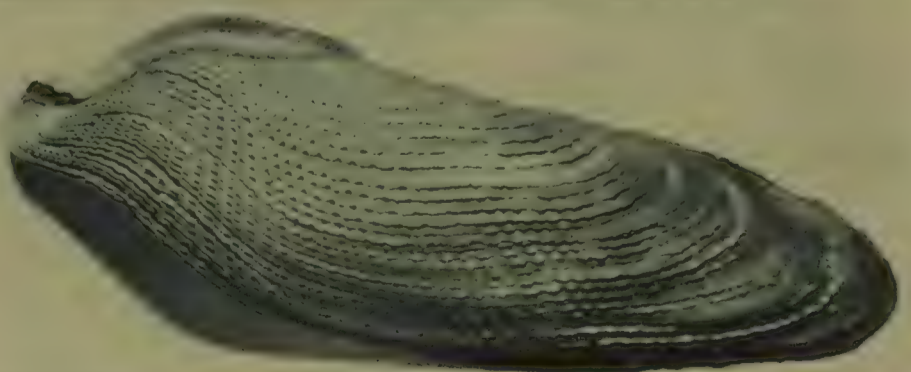
In from four days to a month, the piles of some pier or the bottom of a ship are found, and at once a start is made to form a tunnel. At this stage the body has a pronounced "foot," like that of a cockle, with which it crawls about to find a suitable spot. And it exudes a sticky substance to enable a firm hold of the wood to be taken, till at last it disappears beneath the surface, leaving no more than a pin-hole



2. PORTIONS OF THE TUBES OF THE SHIP-WORM (*TEREDO NORVEGICA*), WHICH HAD A VERY UNPLEASANT REPUTATION AMONG SAILORS IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD "WOODEN WALLS," SEEN ISOLATED AND ALSO EMBEDDED IN WOOD; THE VALVES (OR PALLETS) FOR CLOSING THE TUBE (ABOVE, CENTRE); AND THE SHELLS WHICH PERFORM THE WORK OF BORING (ABOVE, RIGHT).

short and have no shelly lining.

And now let us turn to the rock-boring molluscs, of which there are many species. Herein the mode of life is different. The burrows are never very long, and the excavated material is not eaten, nor could it afford any nourishment if it were. But what started this boring habit? An inclination

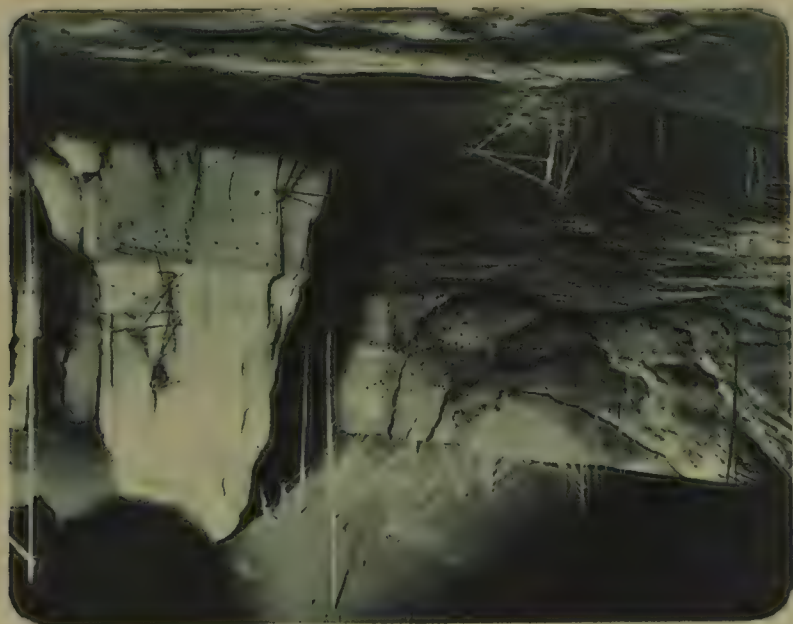


3. THE LARGEST OF OUR BORING MUSSELS: THE PIDDOCK (*PHOLAS DACTYLUS*), WHICH DRIVES A BURROW INTO LIMESTONE AND OTHER ROCKS BY MEANS OF TEETH OR SPINES AT THE FRONT END OF THE SHELL.

The method by which the piddock works its way into the rock displays considerable "mechanical ingenuity," if such a phrase can be used of the operations of a humble mollusc. Taking a grip with its foot, the body is twisted in a half-circle so that the spines act as a rasp and wear away the rock. When this is very hard the spines are much worn down.

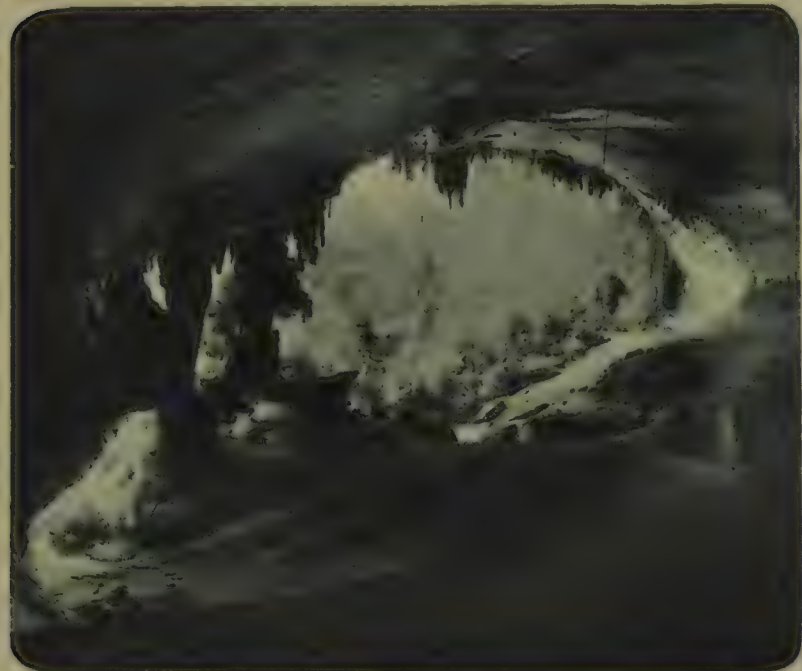
"MIRACLES OF CLIMBING" FOR EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS IN SARAWAK CAVES.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SARAWAK EXPEDITION.



A CAVE AT NIAH, SARAWAK, FITTED WITH BAMBOO OR LIANA "ROPES" (HERE 60 FT. HIGH), UP WHICH MALAYS AND CHINESE CLIMB TO SECURE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS; WITH A FRAIL SCAFFOLDING FIXED TO THE ROOF.

THESE remarkable caves, explored during the Oxford University Sarawak Expedition, are situated in a steep limestone hill at Niah, in Sarawak. They are reached by boat up the Niah River, and then by forest path. "The first and smaller cave," writes our correspondent, "forms a kind of ante-chamber to the main cave. Here are numerous huts in which Malays and Chinese live during the nest-collecting season. There is a most impressive entrance to the main cave, about 100 ft. high and 300 ft. wide. The caves are indeed weird and wonderful, with stalactites and stalagmites, and in the shadow the rocks form a maze suggesting Dante's 'Inferno.' Birds, thousands of them, twitter perpetually, and bats hang on the wall, head downwards. The floor of the cave is covered with guano, teeming with cockroaches. I collected some, which will probably form a new species. The guano is carried away by the natives for export. There are three species of swift which build



SHOWING SOME OF THE WOODEN "ROPES," FIXED FROM FLOOR TO ROOF, FOR THE USE OF THE CLIMBERS; THE IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE—ABOUT 100 FT. HIGH AND 300 FT. WIDE—TO THE MAIN CAVE AT NIAH.

edible nests. *Collocalia lowii* (named after Sir Hugh Low), found at Niah, builds blackish nests, while those of *Collocalia fuciphaga* are white, and those of *Collocalia linchii* are greyish and contain straw and mud, being unfit for soup. The nests are apparently a salivary secretion and produced only in the mating season. There is a tradition that the nests are made of dried foam, brought by the birds from the sea on returning from migrations. The Government have established a close season for nesting, which is let to Chinese and Malays. The rental is said to be about £400 per annum. The natives perform miracles of climbing to procure the nests, swarming like monkeys up the almost perpendicular sides and even clinging to holes in the roof like flies. In many places they have erected "ropes" of bamboo or smoothed liana, up which they climb to the roof and out among a perilous arrangement of frail scaffolding fixed to holes in the roof. They climb with a candle in their caps and in their hand a bamboo ending in a metal spade-like piece. With this they dislodge the nests, which, falling on to the soft guano, are not broken. Their friends below pick them up and brush them slightly. These 'ropes' are surrounded by rattan stays. No one knows how the first 'ropes' were fixed at the top."



A PERILOUS ASCENT, AFTER EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS, IN A WEIRD CAVERN WHOSE GLOOMY INTERIOR SUGGESTS A SCENE FROM THE "INFERNO": A CLIMBER ON ONE OF THE HUNDRED-FOOT "ROPES" OF JOINED BAMBOO ATTACHED TO THE CAVE'S ROOF.

OPIUM-GROWING—A STATE MONOPOLY IN TURKEY: A DRUG TRADE REGULATED BY GOVERNMENT.



OPIUM-GROWING IN TURKEY AS A STATE MONOPOLY: PEASANTS GATHERING A POPPY-CROP IN ANATOLIA, WHERE, IN KONYA AND AFYON KARAHISAR, THE CULTIVATION OF *PAPAYER SONNIFERUM* IS AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.



OFFICIAL ATTEMPTS TO REGULATE OPIUM PRODUCTION IN TURKEY, WHENCE, DESPITE THE VIGILANCE OF THE AUTHORITIES, THERE IS STILL A BIG ILLICIT EXPORT: STRONG DOORS PROTECTING THE ENTRANCE TO THE STATE MONOPOLY BUILDINGS.



MEN AT WORK AT THE TURKISH STATE MONOPOLY OFFICES, WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL BEFORE LONG PUT A STOP TO THE ILLICIT TRADE: CAKES OF THE DRUG BEING TESTED AS TO QUALITY.



PREPARING OPIUM CAKES FOR SHIPMENT FROM TURKEY—THE DRUG BEING PACKED IN "ARMoured" CASES: PRECAUTIONS SUCH AS CAN BE TAKEN WITH COMPARATIVE EASE UNDER A SYSTEM OF STATE CONTROL.



IRON BARS BEHIND WHICH ARRIVING CASES ARE OPENED: STATE CONTROL OF OPIUM—A SYSTEM WHICH HAS SO REDUCED ITS CULTIVATION IN TURKEY THAT THE PEASANTS ARE FINDING HASHISH A PAYING SUBSTITUTE.



A WAREHOUSE OF THE STATE OPIUM MONOPOLY IN TURKEY: CONTROLLED QUANTITIES OF A VALUABLE AND POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS DRUG; EACH CASE CONTAINING ABOUT THREE HUNDRED POUNDS' WORTH OF OPIUM.

THE recent publication by the Egyptian Government of the annual report of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau emphasises the decrease in the number of drug addicts in Egypt, the biggest market for narcotics west of Asia. It draws attention also to the decline in the cultivation of the opium poppy in Turkey. This decline began to make itself apparent several years ago, for in 1930 the production of opium in Turkey was estimated at 6500 cases (of about 165 lb. each), and in 1931 the estimated yield had dropped to 3750 cases. The action of Kemal Pasha's Government in setting up an Opium Monopoly Law in Turkey (the workings of which we illustrate in an interesting series of photographs on these pages) has, without doubt, had its beneficent influence in regulating the production and export of the drug. In spite of it, however, to quote Russell Pasha, the chief of the Cairene police, in his report



SPECIALISED LABOUR IN THE PRODUCTION OF OPIUM FOR THE MARKET: STAGES IN THE PROCESS—FROM THE SHAPELESS HEAP KNEADED BY THE MAN IN THE BACKGROUND TO THE FINISHED CAKE ON THE LEFT.

mentioned above, "large quantities of illicit opium continue to be exported from Turkey, as witness the recent seizure on this Bureau's information to the Marseilles police of 2000 kilos of opium"; and the Turkish authorities have not yet been able to claim the same outstanding success in dealing with the opium and hashish menace as they have in putting down traffic in white drugs; that is, morphine, heroin, and cocaine. In this connection it is interesting to note that, while illegal manufacture and traffic in drugs is gradually being brought under control in Europe and the Near East, with the co-operation of all the national authorities concerned, a fresh danger is said to be growing up in the Far East, where, under the present régime in Manchuria, a new field of drug traffic is being opened up. Contraband hashish has also been leaving India.



COMPLETED CAKES OF OPIUM, SOME OF WHICH ARE BROKEN UP TO MAKE A DOUGH FOR TESTING MORPHIA INGREDIENTS: A DRUG THAT CAN BE SMOKED OR EATEN—THE LATTER BEING THE FAVOURED METHOD IN INDIA.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: THE GREATEST OF ALL INDOOR SPECTACLES.



THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE KING: CHEERING BLACK WATCH, WITH CLAYMORES UNSHEATHED, DURING THEIR FINE DISPLAY, WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT.



THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT OLYMPIA TO OPEN THE TOURNAMENT: THEIR MAJESTIES MET BY MAJOR-GENERAL C. J. C. GRANT, COMMANDING LONDON DISTRICT (CHAIRMAN OF THE TOURNAMENT).



THE MARINES' PAST AND PRESENT SHOW: THE DRESS REHEARSAL OF A DISPLAY WHICH ENDED WITH THE OLD-TIME ROYAL SALUTE: "GREETINGS TO YE, SIRE!"

The King and Queen attended the opening performance of the Royal Tournament, at Olympia, on May 17. We illustrated the principal "set piece"—the defence of London against a night air-attack by bombers—in our issue of May 19. Here we return to the event and give illustrations of other features. The show forms a combination of thrilling spectacle, technical interest, and rough-and-tumble comedy. Outstanding among performances of the third description is the pantomime "horse" (formed of two men), which figures in a clever trick-riding



ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE "PERIOD DISPLAY" BY THE BLACK WATCH: PREPARING TO RECEIVE CAVALRY BY FORMING SQUARE.



A PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY IN THE TOURNAMENT: A DEMONSTRATION OF WINDOW-LADDER AND ROPE-CLIMBING BY BOYS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



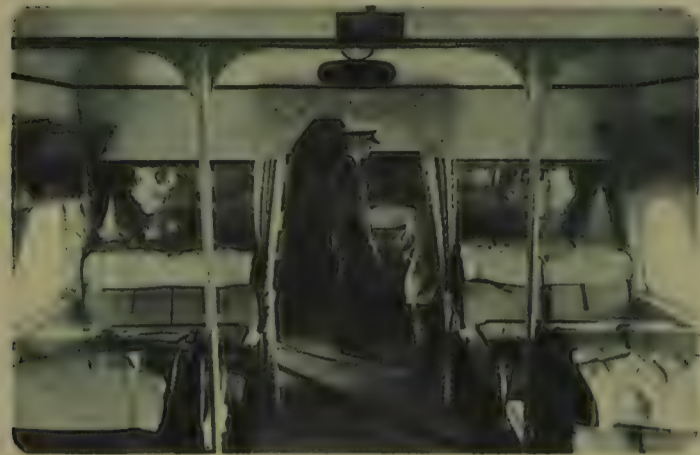
PIKE DRILL IN THE ROYAL MARINES' PAST AND PRESENT SHOW: AN ACCURATE REPRODUCTION OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.



GROUNDING PIKES IN THE MARINES' PAST AND PRESENT SHOW; WITH AN 1805 PERIOD DETACHMENT SEEN BEYOND.

display by the 7th Queen's Own Hussars. On the opening day, when the King's Squad of the Royal Marines gave the Royal Salute after their period pike display (illustrated here), the officer commanding the pikemen, who were in picturesque long coats of yellow, shouted the traditional "Greetings to ye, Sire!" The final item, by the Black Watch—illustrating the history of the regiment—is, of course, of unusual interest. In this unit (formerly the 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders) tradition has always been strong—families serving in it for successive generations.

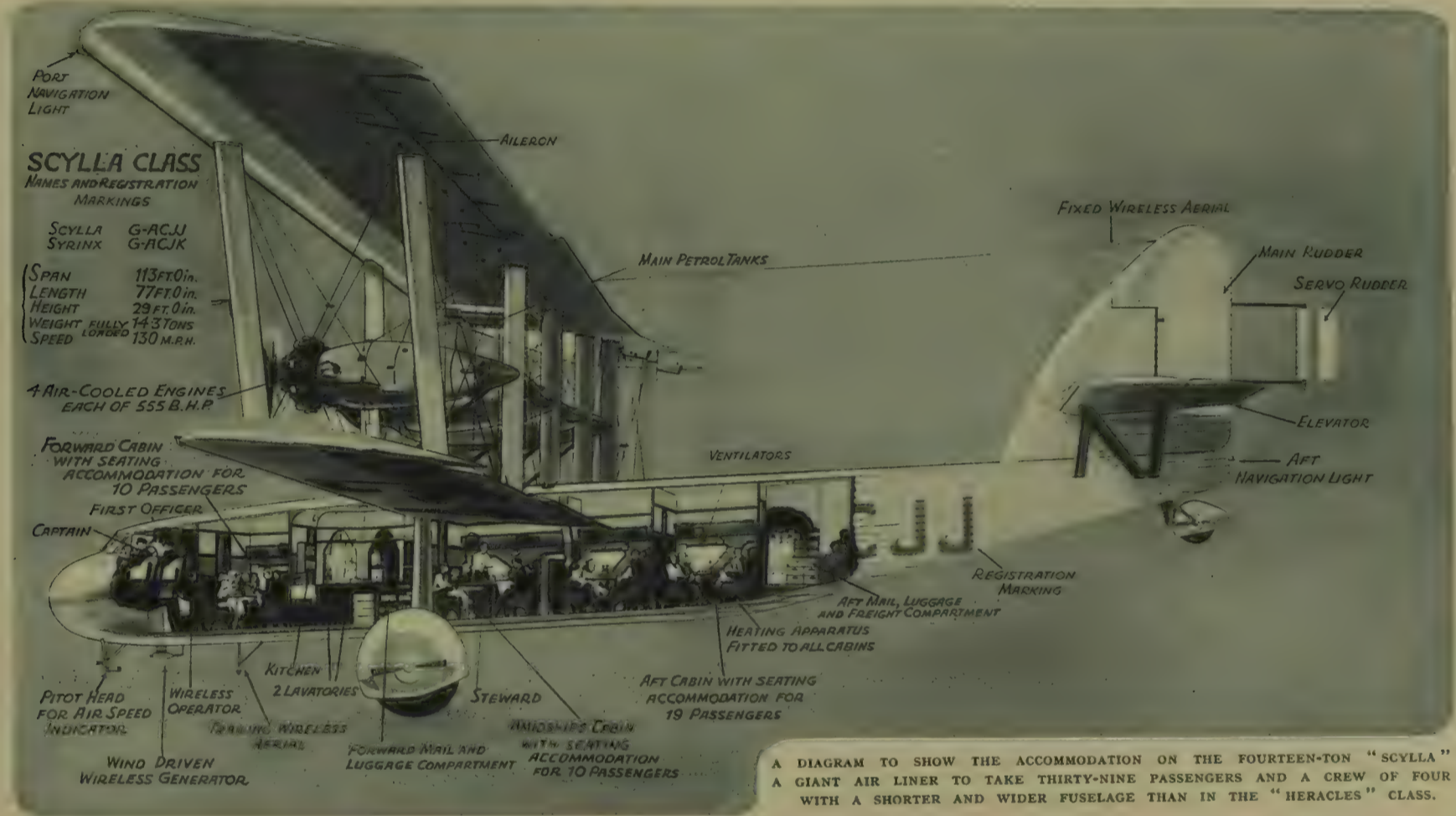
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST PASSENGER MACHINE :
THE NEW IMPERIAL AIRWAYS "SCYLLA."



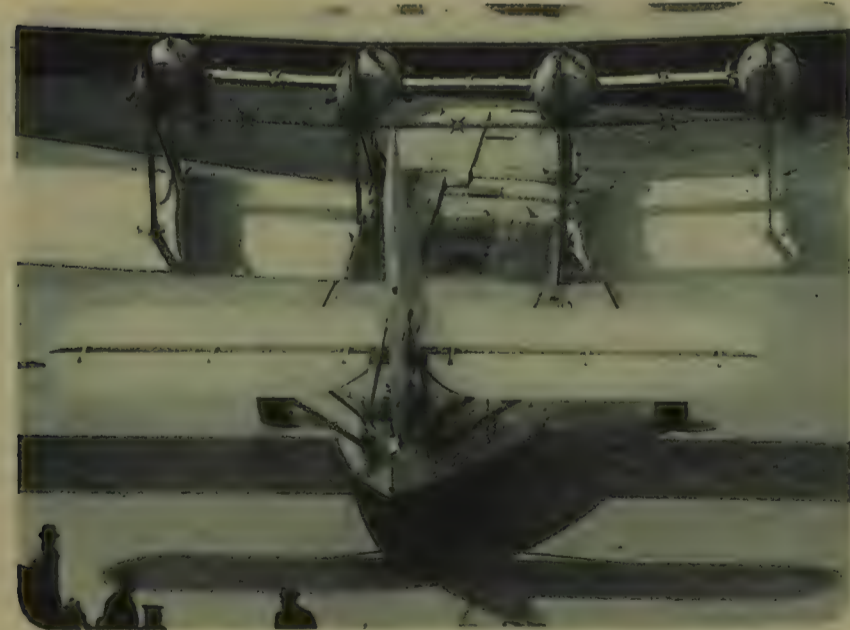
THE INTERIOR OF THE "SCYLLA" PHOTOGRAPHED ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE MAIN PASSENGER CABIN, WHICH HAS ACCOMMODATION FOR NINETEEN.



THE BIGGEST AIR LINER ON ANY AIR SERVICE IN THE WORLD, NOW PUT INTO COMMISSION ON THE LONDON-TO-PARIS ROUTE: THE "SCYLLA" BEFORE TAKING OFF, WITH HER FOUR BRISTOL JUPITER ENGINES GOING, EACH OF 555 B.H.P.



A DIAGRAM TO SHOW THE ACCOMMODATION ON THE FOURTEEN-TON "SCYLLA": A GIANT AIR LINER TO TAKE THIRTY-NINE PASSENGERS AND A CREW OF FOUR; WITH A SHORTER AND WIDER FUSELAGE THAN IN THE "HERACLES" CLASS.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE "SCYLLA" FROM BEHIND: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DECK-LIKE APPEARANCE OF THE TOP OF THE COMPARATIVELY SHORT, BROAD FUSELAGE.



THE FUSELAGE OF THE "SCYLLA" PHOTOGRAPHED FROM UNDERNEATH; SHOWING A "SHIP'S DECK" EFFECT CAUSED BY THE METAL RIBBING.

On May 16, Imperial Airways put into service "Scylla," its biggest air liner and the biggest passenger machine on any regular air service in the world. "Scylla" will operate on the London-Paris route. It carries a stage further than ever before the attempt to provide unlimited comfort for passengers, and is without doubt the most luxurious of air vehicles. Its two main cabins are big enough to suggest a Pullman car. They are 10 ft. 9 in. wide and 7 ft. 4 in. high, and they are fitted and upholstered in lavish style. There is seating accommodation for thirty-nine passengers, ten in the forward cabin, ten in the amidships cabin and nineteen aft. In the "Scylla" Messrs. Short Brothers have followed the design

of their flying-boats as to superstructure, and have set the wings above the level of the saloons, and the four Bristol Jupiter engines between the wings, out of the plane of the cabins. The span of this great machine is 113 ft., its length 77 ft., its height 29 ft., and its weight when fully loaded 14.3 tons. High speed has not been sought, and the performance of 130 miles per hour is about the same as that of the "Heracles" class. The engines, each of 555 b.h.p., give such a wide margin of safety that the direct route to Paris can be taken from Croydon in spite of a longer Channel crossing. A companion machine, to be called "Syrinx," is already under construction by Messrs. Short Brothers.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE dust is thicker than the stars at Hollywood. They are transient, but it remains, to stifle adventurers. As for the artists who make a big name for themselves, they are grist for the mechanised and commercialised machine of film production. Their professional life, of course, belongs to the picture palace audiences. In their private life an inexorable publicity campaign squeezes them into two angles, one real and one photographic. "People like us never get down to realities," says Oliver Dent, the world's favourite. And "Yes," agrees Donka Marescu, the "silent" star, who has had to begin all over again, painfully, in the talking film. "We're poisoned—all of us." That is the atmosphere that Vicki Baum produces with so much brilliant exactitude in "Falling Star." The flowers and sunshine and luxury have the tantalising effect of a mirage. Oliver is a normal, decent young man; but the last thing that can be permitted to him is to live a normal existence. Donka, who sees herself in a moment of longing as she might have been, a Rumanian country wife and mother, sums up her career bitterly as a series of catastrophes: after every climb a set-back, after every joy a tragedy. Her love for Oliver is part of the tragedy. Vicki Baum has done nothing better than this fine novel. It is a reckoning of the price that is paid, in body and spirit, by the new army of the servants of the public. Its penetration is as remarkable as its sensibility. Nobody who reads "Falling Star" can fail to be held by it. The unrest that men miscall delight was never more poignantly described; it is at its fevered height in Hollywood. The book is a splendid achievement.

"Talking Picture," by John Heygate, is another cinema study, written round the making of an international film in Berlin. Mr. Heygate is intensely alert, and he puts himself on gaily intimate terms with you in every impression he transmits. He is witty, often flippantly witty; but there is no mistaking the keenness of his perception of greater issues than the success or failure of a film. He flashes over—and back again—from the hectic emotionalism of the art director to the plight of Germany on the eve of the Nazi triumph. The ruined middle-class families who suffer behind closed doors are to be found in "Talking Picture," and the night-life of Berlin, and the Jews with the earth quaking under their feet. The sum of these things makes up the prelude to Hitler. As in "Falling Star," one feels that cinema people are fantastically lost to all sense of proportion; but in "Talking Picture" one also perceives the hand of Fate outside, knocking ominously on the flimsy sets as the German nation plunges forward to an unpredictable future.

"Dark Hazard," by W. R. Burnett, is a curiously stimulating novel about dog-racing in America. The hero is a simple soul who loves his wife, and is honourable and manly in his dealings, characteristics not usually associated with the inveterate gambler. There is something great-hearted about Jim. He begged himself; but he would never have forsaken his wife as she forsook him. He had fallen in love with Dark Hazard, a beautiful greyhound, when the dog was at the height of its racing triumph. He was balked of possession then, but he rediscovered his darling, years after, when it was in eclipse. Jim's wife was coldly unfaithful; by contrast there was Dark Hazard, recognising him, remembering, following. . . . The story is told with vigour. It is a refreshing, moving piece of work.

The scene of Louis Bromfield's "Here To-day and Gone To-morrow" is also American, if one can include under that heading a Transatlantic liner approaching Sandy Hook with a group of society folk returning home on board. This is in the story called "De Luxe," which plays round the

struggle of certain women to keep their youth and recapture their lost happiness. "Miss Mehaffy" is hearty and farcical. "The Listener" is an exaggeration of the curiosity of a travelling spinster. We know the type, and Mr. Bromfield carries her prying into melodrama. The stories are capital reading; but they have none of the sombre impressionism of "The Farm" or "Twenty-Four Hours."

Doreen Wallace attracted the attention of the critics a year or two ago, when it was prophesied that she would make her mark. "Even Such is Time" should be a popular success. It is the history of an English family, and it has a green, familiar English setting. The father is dead when



A 1934 SALON PICTURE BY AN ARTIST WHOSE WORK IS WELL KNOWN TO THE READERS OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": "LE VAISSEAU 'LE SOUVERAIN DES MERS.'—BY GUSTAVE ALAUX.

"The Sovereign of the Seas," the first English three-decker, was launched at Woolwich in 1637, and rebuilt in 1651. She was a hundred-gun ship designed by Phineas Pett; and, incidentally, the most highly decorated and gilded vessel that ever ploughed the seas. Her over-all length was 232 ft.; her length of keel was 128 ft.; and her beam was 48 ft. She is believed to have been burned in 1696. Our readers will remember that M. Gustave Alaux has been a frequent contributor to this paper.—(Copyright Reserved.)

the action starts. All we hear of him is that he was a professorial person who always missed the first rate, had a delicate chest, and failed to make provision for his family. His widow, not otherwise an attractive character, was far more determined and capable. She was a climber and a poseur. It might have been better for the children if they had not seen through her as clearly as they did, although that situation is more true to life than most parents are willing to admit. In the modern fashion, the conversation of Benny and Becky is without reticences. The reverse side of their independence is an egotism that Miss Wallace rather glozes over. This is a very good novel, and nothing like as melancholy as the title suggests. The young people are paid in something finer than earth and dust before time sweeps away their youth.

Philip Lindsay, as we know, has the gift of reclothing dry bones with living flesh. You get an insight into the secret of his success in the foreword to "London Bridge is Falling." His pet subject, he writes, is mediævalism. His method is patience and exactness; his effort is to be both historical and romantic. The Middle Age has inspired him as it once inspired Ford Madox Hueffer, whose best work lies in "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes." Mr. Lindsay emerges from his exploration of the fifteenth century with the same enthusiasm, the same sympathy for the men and women whose crudeness and brutality were mixed with beauty, and whose standards, from our point of view, were often sheer barbarism, but by whom the greatness of England was brought to birth. Mr. Lindsay has, in sober fact,

rediscovered the heart of mediæval England. These citizens of London Bridge, this soldier of fortune, these lovers, apprentices, wantons, patriots, are the far-off people of our blood. They live again in "London Bridge is Falling," which is indeed a noteworthy novel.

There is the Whistler touch in "Single Combat," by Agnès Mure Mackenzie. Its half-tones are admirably suited to a tale of the 'forties, with candlelight and spreading flounces and a grave young Highland lady Barbara Cameron was governess to the French family Dupont. She married Alistair Maclair, the hysterical, drunken laird of Gramisay, and was transported from Paris to his misty island, after a narrow escape in the street-fighting of the *Coup d'état*. Miss Mure Mackenzie deals exquisitely with the long twilight, the wet wind, and the stormy skies under which Gramisay's drama is played out. "Single Combat" is a work of art. So is "Under Proof," by Joanna Cannan, who gets her effects with emphasis and strong colour. She is positive, and she is all on the side of the wholesome charm of her young woman, beside whom Michael, the young man of 1933, cuts a poor figure. It is significant that Diana marries an elderly man who has preserved the poise and manners of the pre-war generation.

David Burnham's "Wedding Song" is hard reading, especially after these straightforward romances. It is an exasperating piece of cleverness. A brother and sister think aloud, turn and turn about; that is the way of the telling. You are half-way through before the jerk from Kit to Narcissa, from Narcissa to Kit, falls into a narrative rhythm. The passion of "Wedding Song" is powerful, but not powerful enough to carry the deadweight of Mr. Burnham's personal passion for obscurity.

The crime story of "A Career for the Gentleman," by David Farrer, has its thrills, but its principal concern is with the moral problem of the criminal. Eric's offence was reckless driving that had resulted in manslaughter and despatched him to serve a twelve months' sentence at Wormwood Scrubs. The liberal system there gave him the opportunity of making a friend, a good friend if he had not happened to be a smash-and-grab gangster. Mr. Farrer is sympathetic with his young men; it is obvious that he wishes us to see them in the most favourable light. The ex-prisoner is, as usual, in a cleft stick. Honest employment is practically impossible to come by, and in the pursuit of their old trade the gangsters are hunted down by the police on one hand and preyed upon by meaner and uglier criminals on the other. "A Career for the Gentleman" is intelligent, and the view of the prison from the inside is interesting. It will also please people who only know about these dashing exploits from reading the

newspapers to be told just how a raid is planned, and how essential accurate timing is to its success. The business with the jeweller's window makes one hold one's breath. But we should like to have heard more about the working of the "public school" method in the prison. It seems to have thrown Eric, who was not a professional criminal, into the arms of the matey burglar.

E. R. Punshon is very much on the spot with "The Cross-Word Mystery," in which the cross-word clues are the key to the hidden treasure. Misers put themselves to great trouble to make sure of safekeeping for their hoards, and this dodge strikes one as unusually ingenious. It is refreshing to find Mr. Punshon's descriptions so lucid that there is no need to refer to the map of the cove and village where the Winterton brothers were done to death. Altogether we have here as good a mystery as you could find in a day's march. The last chapter, in particular, is worked up to a terrific climax. "Death in the Quarry" is not up to G. D. H. and M. Cole's best form, but is well

ahead of the majority of detective stories. We found the two notes a nuisance, but admired the skill with which the old man was tricked into the quarry. Everard Blatchington reappears as a leading character, and is as meddlesome and engaging as heretofore. "A Man Lay Dead," by Ngaio Marsh, imports a real murder into the "murder" game. The reconstruction of the crime is ridiculous; sliding down the banisters should have been left to the nursery. The hue-and-cry is good enough, and the author has spared no effort to keep his trailers off the scent as long as possible.

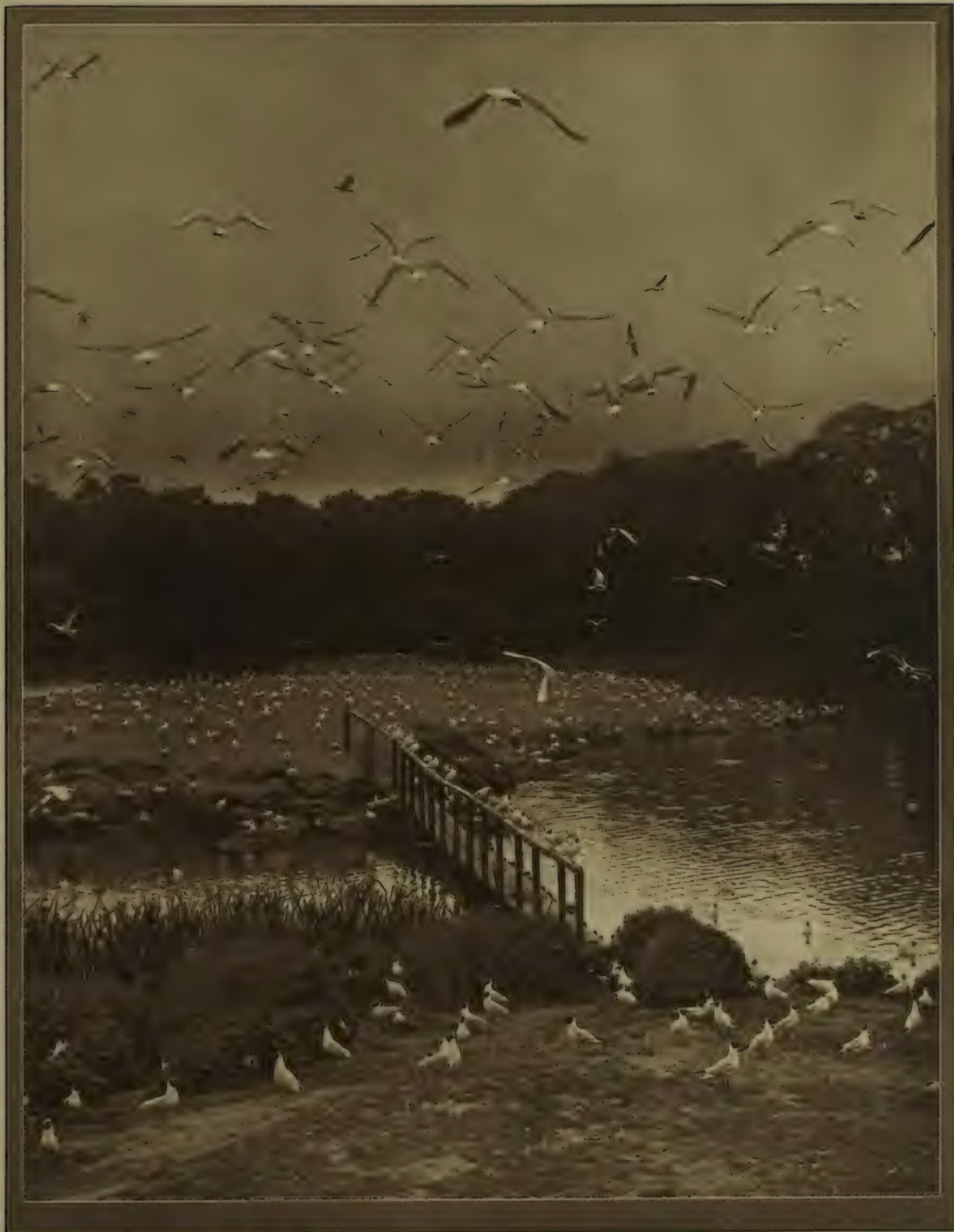
BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Falling Star. By Vicki Baum. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
 Talking Picture. By John Heygate. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Dark Hazard. By W. R. Burnett. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 Here To-day and Gone To-morrow. By Louis Bromfield. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
 Even Such is Time. By Doreen Wallace. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 London Bridge is Falling. By Philip Lindsay. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)
 Single Combat. By Agnès Mure Mackenzie. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
 Under Proof. By Joanna Cannan. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
 Wedding Song. By David Burnham. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
 A Career for the Gentleman. By David Farrer. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
 The Cross-Word Mystery. By E. R. Punshon. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Death in the Quarry. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 A Man Lay Dead. By Ngaio Marsh. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)



A 1934 SALON PICTURE BY AN ARTIST WHOSE WORK IS WELL KNOWN TO THE READERS OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "THE SKETCH": "AUX COURSES."—BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE.—(Copyright Reserved.)

GULLS OF A SPECIES THAT SUPPLIES "PLOVERS' EGGS."



BLACK-HEADED GULLS AT SCAWBY PONDS, IN LINCOLNSHIRE: A COLONY OF *LARUS RIDIBUNDUS*, A SPECIES THAT BREEDS IN MARSHY LAND INSTEAD OF ON THE CLIFFS MOST OF ITS KIND PREFER.

Since it was made illegal for plovers' eggs to be taken in this country, the demand for them has been satisfied partly (and unofficially) by the eggs of gulls, in particular of the black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*), which resemble plovers' eggs in taste and, to a certain extent, in external appearance. The black-headed gull is a common visitor to the British coasts. It shows an especial partiality for flat shores during the winter; but in the spring it frequents marshes in great numbers for the purpose of breeding. At this time of year scenes such as that shown in our beautiful photograph may be witnessed in marshy lands, especially near the

East Coast. The term "black-headed" as applied to this gull is something of a misnomer, since the head and upper part of the neck are dark brown and the beak is lake-red in the summer dress; it is only in the Mediterranean black-headed gull and the great black-headed gull (a native of Asia) that the head is really jet black. The range of the black-headed gull is extraordinarily wide, extending over the greater part of the Eastern Hemisphere. Nor is the ocean an insuperable barrier, since one of the species, banded in Germany, was taken subsequently at Bridgetown, Barbados; and another bird, from the same country, was later found in Mexico.

The World of the Theatre.

LAUGHTER IN THE THEATRE.

LAUGHTER is not all of one kind. There is the laughter of the child, fresh and care-free; the laughter of youth, alive with challenge; the laughter of old age, with its shrug of Anarchises. There is "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," and the derisive laugh that "crackles like thorns under a pot." There is the laughter born of sympathy we call humour, the laughter provoked by intelligence we call wit, and the laughter stirred by incongruous circumstance we call farce. There is the laughter that can slay a soul with its arrows of satire, and the laughter of high profanity that at its deepest is not irreverence, but outraged reverence. The scale of laughter is chromatic, and its octave spans from folly to wisdom, from sanity to madness. Since the stage mirrors the form and pressure of life, every note of that octave sounds within the theatre.

Classic tragedy, with Aristotle for its mentor and Voltaire for its advocate, whether in the Æschylus-Sophocles-Euripides drama or in its French derivative, the Corneille-Racine school, has always banished laughter as incongruous, inartistic, and destructive of mood. But the barbarian Shakespeare put the porter in "Macbeth," the fool in "Lear," and the bacchanal into "Antony and Cleopatra." In this he was true to English character, for there has not been a writer rooted in our soil from that day to this, either for the stage or in the novel, who has not mixed gravity with levity, the sublime with the ridiculous, in a mingled yarn. And in this nature and art are one.

But in our march from the heroic ages and tragic dramas of "Thebes and Pelops line" to the plays of our time, the view has grown closer and wider. When Agamemnon fell, the curse remained with the Atridae, but to-day the crash touches every home. So to-day economics, sociology, psychology are the staples of current thought; the epigram and the conceit bovrilise opinion and the laugh keeps us sane. Comedy holds the stage—comedy, with its knowledge, understanding, and gaiety, instructing and amusing, penetrating this Heart-break House with redeeming laughter.

We laugh at the false romanticism, the jaded modernism, the conjugal infelicities in Mr. H. M. Harwood's comedy at the Queen's, and our laughter pillories the stupidities. We laugh at the Radfern respectabilities of "Laburnum Grove," at the Duchess, and yet that laughter which riots like farce is a continual commentary beneath its bubbling surface. We laugh at the droll family servant in that sincerely moving play, "Sixteen," at the Criterion, because her homely remarks are so sound with common sense. The pompous politician and big business magnate in "Biography," at the Globe, are not only extremely amusing, but targets for condemnation, while the whole play embodies an address to society in its texture. Why does "Clive of India," at Wyndham's, persuade us as a portrait? Because we laugh at follies and with good-humoured appreciation, thus avoiding sentimentalities and rhetoric. Is not student life in "The Wind and the Rain," at St. Martin's, made all the more authentic by the drawing of the gay slacker and the over-strenuous earnestness of his fellow? What is it that has kept "The Late Christopher Bean" so triumphantly at the St. James's? Not a vacuous laughter, for, though it is rich in comic absurdity, its situation always springs from character. There you have it. Laughter brings proportion. Because it contacts life, the hilarity either serves to relieve tension or heighten it. Beneath the laughter there is a stratum of seriousness, in the good French sense of that word; a point that stabs the Achilles heel of complacency, a break where laughter is silenced and we are moved. "Humour is that which makes our fancy chuckle while our hearts do ache," said Bunyan, and humour, whatever its temper, is rooted in life.

Sometimes we ask only to forget, to peep through the wrong end of the telescope, to laugh at incongruity as we are tickled by a caricature. We want to be amused—it is necessary to be amused. We ask nothing of art, but everything of artifice. The unexpected and the grotesque, the felicitous inanity and the absurd burlesque, the situation and the extravagance, shall bombard us into laughter.

jokes; while at the Coliseum and at Drury Lane, to animate the spectacle are gifted comédiennes who know how to get their laughs. To those who would despise such light and bright entertainment, I would quote Elia in another connection, and "suspect your taste in higher matters."

There is a laughter that has its roots not so much in experience nor yet in incongruity; a laughter based on metaphysics. This is an attitude of mind that sees the whole scheme of existence as enchantingly amusing, that is overwhelmed by the whim of its contemplation, and is only serious in its smile at other people's seriousness. "Conversation Piece," at His Majesty's, and "Reunion in Vienna" are brilliantly explicit in their mockery, and turn life into a gay, entertaining, meaningless waltz. And if we consider Wycherley's "Country Wife," at the Ambassadors, as a revival, the accomplishment is in the phrase, the sparkle is in the anecdote, and the laughter is at puppets in a droll intrigue. It lacks the nuance and subtlety of its modern counterparts, but it is one with their spirit of perception and their acute sense of style.

Laughter unintentionally provoked may be a criticism of the play, the players, or the audience. One has heard the painful titter in a tense scene, its hysterical disturbance commandingly hushed. But when that titter is permitted, and infectiously spreads, suppressed only by a sense of good manners and out of regard for the players, it is a criticism of the play. The illusion has gone. It happened at the Shaftesbury in that menacing piece of effective theatricalism, "The Dark Tower," because the murder on the stage left not a shred of sympathy for the murdered. Only the skill of the actor kept it from being funny. It was the power of performance in "Double Door," at the Strand, which dominated audiences into acceptance of what, in lesser hands, had been distractingly funny, just as, at the Apollo, it is the genius of creation that makes the schoolgirl masquerade amusing where it might have been dull. But this undesired, smothered laughter is most distressing when the play is informed with serious purpose, when the author has established the right to considered attention, when the players bring distinction of ability to their parts. Distressing, because we know the play has broken down in spite of its merits, and the compulsion has gone out of it. The restlessness in the audience at "All's Over, Then," at the Comedy, which was withdrawn after two performances, gave an unfortunate and unintentional meaning to the title. It was due to no disrespect, but to an embarrassment as we watched a fruitful theme, carefully opened, degenerate into melodrama—not melodrama with its hollow, effective trickery, but an action laggard in movement; while the dialogue, losing stage sense, has also lost psychological development. We do not want to laugh all the time. We do not laugh in the great moments of life, and if these emotional stresses on the stage provoke any sort of laughter in the theatre, truth has been sacrificed and illusion has been destroyed.

I have heard another laugh in the theatre, still more blighting: the terrible laughter of a tortured soul. It strikes savagely out of its despair, and wherever it hits it sears. There was this violent negation in O'Casey's "Within the Gates," and Somerset Maugham's "Sheppey" shared the same profanity. There was much of it in Shaw's last play, "Too True to be Good," and there is an echo in the play at the Shaftesbury by Mr. Granville Barker, "The Voysey Inheritance." It is a mood that springs from righteous indignation and exalted pity. But the spirit that cannot rise to a serener contemplation is an "ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

G. F. H.



PLAYING THE PART OF
HEROD: HANS MAYR.



REPRESENTING EZEKIEL:
ARTHUR HASER.



PLAYING JOSEPH OF ARI-
MATHEA: ALFRED BIERLING.



REPRESENTING THE VIRGIN
MARY: ANNI RUTZ.



REPRESENTING CHRIST:
ALOIS LANG.



REPRESENTING ST. PETER:
HUBERT MAYR.



PLAYING PONTIUS PILATE:
MELCHIOR BREITSAMER.



REPRESENTING JUDAS:
HANS ZWINK.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY: PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE SPECIAL REVIVAL OF 1934, WHICH BEGAN ON WHIT MONDAY.

As the tercentenary of the original performance of the Oberammergau Passion Play falls this year, a special revival has been arranged to commemorate it. In the ordinary course it would not have been seen again till 1940, as it was given four years ago, and, with few exceptions, it has from the first been performed only at intervals of ten years. It originated in 1633, when this Bavarian village was stricken by the plague, which was stayed after the inhabitants had vowed to perform such a play, with all due reverence, once in every tenth year. Thus it has been enacted, with scarcely a break, for three centuries, and the village actors regard their parts as a sacred vocation. The 1930 production was an immense success, attracting 380,000 visitors, including some 127,000 from abroad, mostly British and American. This year there are special facilities and reduced prices for tickets. The play is being given in its customary form, with no departure from tradition. There are to be 33 principal performances, of which the first was given on May 21 (Whit Monday) and the last will be on September 23. Others will be added.

Could anything be more deliciously nonsensical than the cheerful "Good Morning, Bill," at the Saville? What fun is agog in the mimicry and mountebanking on the stage at the Palace! There is a metallic brightness, a verve, and staccato gun-fire of wise-cracks in "She Loves Me Not," at the Adelphi, which, in spite of its crudities, gets at your risible muscles. At the Aldwych, which has earned a name synonymous with fun-making, "Indoor Fireworks" detonate in farcical episodes and enjoyable

"Sheppey" shared the same profanity. There was much of it in Shaw's last play, "Too True to be Good," and there is an echo in the play at the Shaftesbury by Mr. Granville Barker, "The Voysey Inheritance." It is a mood that springs from righteous indignation and exalted pity. But the spirit that cannot rise to a serener contemplation is an "ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORTH WALES: A THREE-DAYS' TOUR AMONGST UNEMPLOYED.



THE PRINCE AT RHOSGADFAN, FIVE MILES SOUTH OF CARNARVON, A SLATE-QUARRYING AREA IN WHICH INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION AND THE CONSEQUENT UNEMPLOYMENT ARE VERY SERIOUS: H.R.H. CHATTING WITH EX-SERVICE MEN.



IN BANGOR: THE PRINCE LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, WHERE HE HAD LUNCH, IN ORDER TO RESUME HIS TOUR, WHICH INCLUDED A VISIT TO LLANDEGAI, A QUARRYING VILLAGE WHICH IS SUFFERING MUCH FROM THE DEPRESSION.



AT RHOS: THE PRINCE PLACING THE FIRST TURF ON THE NEW PONCIAU BANKS CRICKET GROUND, WHICH IS A PART OF THE RECREATION GROUND SCHEME.

The Prince of Wales arrived in North Wales on May 16, to begin a three-days' tour, with the object of visiting certain occupational and other centres for the unemployed and seeing what is being done in connection with their social needs: this in his capacity as Patron of the National Council of Social Service. The following notes concern our photographs.—In Bangor unemployed are on voluntary work in which the Prince was much interested. They are building a new occupational centre, using material from an old cinema that was given to them by its owner on condition that they removed it from its site to the scene of their own



H.R.H. VISITING THE SITE OF THE NEW OCCUPATIONAL CENTRE IN BANGOR: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PARTLY ERECTED BUILDING, WHICH IS BEING CONSTRUCTED BY UNEMPLOYED FROM MATERIAL FROM AN OLD CINEMA GIVEN TO THEM.



WHERE HE WAS INVESTED AS PRINCE OF WALES TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO: THE PRINCE AT CARNARVON CASTLE; WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE, CONSTABLE OF CARNARVON CASTLE, AND MEMBERS OF THE WELSH LEAGUE OF YOUTH.



AT RHOS: THE PRINCE AMID UNEMPLOYED MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES WHEN BEING SHOWN THE PONCIAU BANKS RECREATION GROUND SCHEME.

labours. H.R.H. signed the plans and also the Visitors' Book.—The Carnarvon Castle function was arranged chiefly that the Prince might be greeted by the Welsh League of Youth, a national, but not nationalist body.—At Rhos unemployed have been busy for almost two years transforming over sixteen acres of uncared-for, sloping land behind the Miners' Institute into a park with playing grounds for grown-ups and for children. The labour is voluntary and is of great value as giving the men something to do. The Prince of Wales was the second royal visitor: Prince George saw the park last September. A good deal has been done, but much remains to do.

THE TIBERIAS DISASTER: A BIBLICAL CITY IN GALILEE SWEEPED BY FLOODS; WITH MANY DEATHS.



AFTER THE TORRENT HAD SUBSIDED: A HOUSE IN TIBERIAS WITH MUD-STAINS ON THE WALLS (ABOVE A MAN'S HEAD) SHOWING THE HEIGHT WHICH THE FLOODS HAD REACHED.

THE ancient city of Tiberias, on the Lake of Galilee, famous for its Biblical associations, was visited by terrific floods caused by cloudbursts on two successive days, May 14 and 15, in which twenty-four people, mostly children, lost their lives, while fifteen of the injured were taken to hospital and many others were reported missing. A huge wall of water, caused by the torrential rains, carried down from the hills masses of mud and boulders. Relief and salvage measures were at once organised. Troops and police were sent from Haifa and Roshpinah, and the High Commissioner for Palestine, Sir Arthur Wauchope, himself flew to Tiberias to supervise the work. We have received from a resident at Haifa (from whom came our two lower photographs) a vivid account of the scene at Tiberias on May 15, after the two floods, written by Mrs. Gertrud Melamede. Having related how they decided to motor to Tiberias and give what help they could, and described the drive through Nazareth, she continues: "Having passed the village of Cana, where Christ performed his first miracle at the marriage feast, we are nearing Tiberias. Suddenly, we have the lake of Genesareth in front of us, lying there like a precious stone always changing in colour—sometimes like a turquoise and sometimes having the green colour of malachite. The silver-shining mountains of Transjordan form its background—one of the most wonderful spots on earth. On its shore lies Tiberias with its black houses built of volcanic basalt. How transformed the town seems now, this town which seemed generally so gay and picturesque! The narrow lanes winding through the white- or blue-washed walls of the houses once looked so dainty and attractive. And now the walls are dark brown from the muddy water of the flood. The town had been struck by two violent cloudbursts. The first, and worse, lasted 45 minutes, during which 53 mm. of water fell, *e.g.*, about a third

(Continued opposite)



HAVOC IN TIBERIAS CAUSED BY FLOODS AFTER THE FIRST OF TWO CLOUDBURSTS ON SUCCESSIVE DAYS: BOULDERS AND DÉBRIS BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE HILLS BY TORRENTIAL RAINS—(ON THE RIGHT) THE ANCIENT CITY WALLS.



DANGEROUS SALVAGE WORK IN THE FLOODED QUARTER OF TIBERIAS AFTER THE FIRST CLOUD-BURST, WHICH CAUSED MORE THAN TWENTY DEATHS: POLICEMEN UP TO THEIR KNEES IN A RUSHING TORRENT.

of the whole annual rainfall. The big garden, which was the pride of the town, is entirely demolished, and its high railing was thrown several metres from its original position. If we want to go to the Post Office we have to be carried over the water by an Arab, who has discovered this new way of making a living. In the narrow lanes the water reaches up to our knees, and it is a terrible sight to see people trying to rescue their poor belongings from their flooded houses. Many shops have had all their merchandise spoiled by the water. Twenty-four human beings have died, among which number are many children. Still more are believed to have met their death under the ruins. Two are dying in the hospital with mud and water in their lungs. We see a funeral coming along. It is a Catholic procession. Some priests sing with hoarse voices, while choir-boys, badly dressed, swing their vessels of burning incense. The mourners follow behind. We were deeply touched by this simple and poor ceremony. The other victims are already buried in the Jewish and Mohammedan cemeteries. A funeral has here to take place within twenty-four hours after the death. Wherever we go we come across mud and water and misery. The surrounding colonies have ceased all work, and they put their people and their food at the disposal of the relief committee. Hundreds of policemen have been ordered to Tiberias, and Transjordan's frontier force has also come to help. British high officials are walking about bare-footed and organising the work of rescue. The popular Governor of Tiberias does not spare himself a single moment in his zeal to help the miserable inhabitants. The water is undrinkable, because it is mixed with mud, and the bakeries are out of work. The British Government has immediately started excellent works of relief. Bread and water have been brought from Haifa and the electric light is already in operation. Refugees are being cared for in an empty hospital. Now the best sentiments of man appear. They forget their own interests, and all join together as brothers in order to help their comrades in distress."



WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE HOUSES IN TIBERIAS DEMOLISHED BY A HUGE WALL OF MUD AND WATER: RUINS BENEATH WHICH SOME OF THE MISSING ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE MET THEIR DEATH.



SOLID IRON RAILINGS, WITH STONE PILLARS AT INTERVALS, LAID FLAT BY THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE FLOOD: A SCENE OF DEVASTATION AT THE PUBLIC GARDENS, IN TIBERIAS, WHICH HAD BEEN THE PRIDE OF THE TOWN.

MISHAPS AND DISASTERS: ACCIDENTS OF AIR, LAND, AND WATER.



A MOST REMARKABLE MISHAP: THE AIR FRANCE LINER OF THE "GOLDEN CLIPPER" CLASS IN THE CRICKET FIELD IN WHICH IT LANDED AFTER HAVING SPLINTERED THE TREE SEEN ON THE LEFT AND HAVING DAMAGED A MOTOR-CAR.

On the evening of May 19, the air-liner here seen crashed in a cricket field by Purley Way, as a result, it is said, of petrol-supply failure. Before touching ground it struck a tree; skimmed across the road, and, with its under-carriage, damaged the radiator and head-lamps of a car; and brought down a fence. The pilot's fine handling saved further trouble; and of the passengers only one—an American woman—was slightly hurt.



SAFE ON LAND—THANKS TO A PILOT'S PERILOUS MID-AIR REPAIR: MESSRS. CESARE SABELLI (LEFT) AND GEORGE POND, THE AMERICAN AIRMEN, AT MOY, WITH THEIR SLIGHTLY DAMAGED AEROPLANE, "LEONARDO DA VINCI."

Messrs. Sabelli and Pond were trying to fly non-stop from New York to Rome, but had to come down at Moy, Co. Clare, Ireland, after having crossed the Atlantic in 32 hours, 4 minutes. The under-carriage of their machine was slightly damaged. Had not Mr. Pond courageously climbed out of the cockpit and cleared a blockage in the petrol feed, the descent would have been into the sea.



THE TRAGEDY AT THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL, ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD, NEAR HINDHEAD, WHEN ONE MAN WAS KILLED AND SIX PERSONS WERE INJURED: THE FALLEN MOTOR-COACH IN THE HOLLOW.

A thirty-seater motor-coach on a Portsmouth-London service swerved off the road on the night of May 17 and fell down the side of the Devil's Punch Bowl, rolling a hundred feet and turning two somersaults, during which the roof of the vehicle was torn off. There were seven passengers. A man was killed; and six other persons, including the driver, were injured. It is understood that the driver was trying to avoid a child and a dog, and to do so had to jam on his brakes. The inquest stands adjourned until June 4.



A GERMAN FLIGHT TO THE SUB-STRATOSPHERE COSTS TWO LIVES: THE "BARTSCH VON SIGSFELD," WHOSE AERONAUTS PERISHED.

The biggest German balloon, "Bartsch von Sigsfeld," left the Bitterfeld balloon ground, Berlin, on the morning of May 13, for an ascent into the sub-stratosphere. On the afternoon of the 14th it was found at Sebesch, near the Soviet-Latvian frontier. Dr. Masuch, the meteorologist, was dead in the basket; the body of his companion, the pilot, Dr. Schrenck, was discovered in Lake

The White Star liner "Olympic," in dense fog, rammed and sank the Nantucket light-ship off New York on May 15. At an informal enquiry on May 17, Captain Binks, commanding the "Olympic," said that until the moment when her engines were reversed the ship was steaming at 16 knots. The chief wireless operator of the "Olympic" said that for nearly a year he had been unable to get signals from the light-ships at Cape Cod and Pollock Rip. Thus they were deprived of the means of determining their proximity to the Nantucket light-ship.



RAMMED BY THE "OLYMPIC" IN A FOG AND SUNK WITH THE LOSS OF SEVEN LIVES: THE BIG NANTUCKET LIGHT-SHIP, WHICH WAS EQUIPPED WITH A WIRELESS BEACON.



THE SKIPPER REMAINS WITH HIS SHIP: CAPTAIN J. MATTHISSEN (INDICATED BY THE ARROW) STILL ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MOTOR-SHIP "CHILDER" WHEN SHE WAS IN A SINKING CONDITION WHILE BEING TOWED IN THE NORTH PACIFIC AFTER A TYPHOON WHICH KILLED FOUR MEN IN HER.

Olbit, some ten miles away. It is alleged that the two men may have been asphyxiated within two hours of the start of the flight, their oxygen apparatus having developed a fault. The bodies were taken to Moscow, where they were received with honours by Russian airmen and representatives of the Russian Foreign Office, a courtesy for which Germany thanked Russia.

THE TERCENTENARY REVIVAL OF THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU: SCENES OF THE SACRED DRAMA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIGBERT HAUSER, MUNICH; COPYRIGHT BY F. BRUCKMANN AND CO., MUNICH.



"O MY FATHER, IF THIS CUP MAY NOT PASS AWAY FROM ME, EXCEPT I DRINK IT, THY WILL BE DONE": THE SCENE OF THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN—JESUS WITH AN ANGEL, AND THE THREE DISCIPLES (ON THE LEFT FOREGROUND) ASLEEP WHILE HE WAS PRAYING.



"THEN ASSEMBLED TOGETHER THE CHIEF PRIESTS, AND THE SCRIBES, AND THE ELDERS OF THE PEOPLE, UNTO THE PALACE OF THE HIGH PRIEST . . . AND CONSULTED THAT THEY MIGHT TAKE JESUS BY SUBTILITY": A SCENE SHOWING ANNAS AND CAIAPHAS RECEIVING WITNESSES.



"AND AS THEY WERE EATING, JESUS TOOK BREAD, AND BLESSED IT, AND BROKE IT, AND GAVE IT TO THE DISCIPLES, AND SAID, 'TAKE, EAT; THIS IS MY BODY': THE SCENE OF THE LAST SUPPER AS REPRESENTED IN THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.



"AND THE DISCIPLES . . . BROUGHT THE ASS . . . AND THEY SET HIM THEREON, AND A VERY GREAT MULTITUDE SPREAD THEIR GARMENTS IN THE WAY; OTHERS CUT DOWN BRANCHES FROM THE TREES, AND STRAWED THEM IN THE WAY": THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, WITH JESUS RIDING UPON AN ASS.



"PILATE SAID UNTO THEM, 'WHOM WILL YE THAT I RELEASE UNTO YOU? BARABBAS, OR JESUS WHICH IS CALLED CHRIST?' . . . BUT THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND ELDERS PERSUADED THE MULTITUDE THAT THEY SHOULD ASK BARABBAS": THE SCENE BEFORE THE HOUSE OF PILATE (STANDING, IN WHITE, AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS).



"AND THEY CRUCIFIED HIM, AND PARTED HIS GARMENTS, CASTING LOTS: . . . AND SET UP OVER HIS HEAD HIS ACCUSATION WRITTEN, 'THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS.' THEN WERE THERE TWO THIEVES CRUCIFIED WITH HIM": THE SCENE AT CALVARY, SHOWING SOLDIERS (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) CASTING LOTS.

The celebrated Passion Play at Oberammergau was revived on Whit Monday and is to continue until September 23. On page 822 of this number we give portraits of the principal performers. As there noted, this year's production has been specially arranged, out of its due order of date, in order to commemorate the tercentenary of its origin, recorded as follows in an official booklet prepared for the occasion: "In the year 1633 a terrible plague, bearing death on its wings, swept through the valleys of the Bavarian highlands. At first the secluded village of Oberammergau was exempt from the visitation, and in the hope of preserving it from infection the local authorities drew a cordon round about it; the inhabitants were forbidden to go beyond this limit and none was permitted to enter from the outside world. It happened, however, that a native of Oberammergau who had been living in the infected area was seized with a sudden homesickness and returned one night by stealth over the mountains. The germs of the plague were in his blood, and

three days later he was dead. Despite the precautions of the authorities, Oberammergau had become a plague centre, and the disease spread from house to house until it had claimed, in that one village, no fewer than forty victims. Then the terror-stricken inhabitants gathered in solemn assembly and vowed that, if the scourge were turned from their homes, they would, once in every ten years, perform with all due reverence

and solemnity a play commemorating the love and passion of Christ as revealed in the events of His life. The plague spread no further, and the Passion Play was duly instituted by the survivors in fulfilment of their vow. The descendants of the villagers of 1633 have continued to observe the vow, and the now famous Play has been enacted, decade by decade, with scarcely a break, for three centuries. The spirit of dedication in which it had its birth has been handed down from generation to generation." One of the above-mentioned breaks in the continuity of the revivals occurred in 1770, when the Passion Play, with other similar dramas, was forbidden; but by 1780 the ban had been removed. It was suppressed again in 1810, but was re-enacted the following year. The original text was rewritten and modernised, along with most of the old music, early in the nineteenth century. The simplicity of the early open-air productions has given place to elaborate staging in a huge theatre, but the pious spirit of the ancient performances still survives.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE GREAT AMERICAN DUST STORM REACHES NEW YORK: THE CITY ENVELOPED IN A "GRIM AND EERIE HAZE," BORNE ACROSS THE STATES FROM THE MIDDLE WEST.

A dust storm of intensity and dimensions seldom, if ever, experienced before has recently smothered almost one-third of the United States, and on May 11 reached and enveloped New York. The cloud of dust was about 900 by 1500 miles in area, and perhaps two miles high. It followed a severe drought in the Middle West, and caused much personal suffering and immense damage to crops and cattle. It has been identified as coming from the soil in the corn and wheat country.



A PARADE OF ARMED YOUTH: FASCIST CHILDREN BEARING NEWLY-ISSUED RIFLES IN A BALILLA REVIEW AT MILAN.

An extraordinary military display was seen recently in Milan, when Signor Ricci, Under-Secretary of State and Chief of the Balilla—the Fascist organisation for young children—reviewed Balilla detachments of the Province. Forty thousand boys between the ages of seven and eighteen marched through the streets, many of them for the first time shouldering rifles such as are soon to be issued to the whole organisation. There is even to be a Balilla detachment of machine-gunners.



THE HELIGOLAND RACE: CRUISING BOATS AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH AT THE START OF THE ROYAL OCEAN RACING CLUB'S 310-MILE RACE—THE COMPETITORS REACHING OFF, ALMOST IN LINE ABREAST.

The Heligoland race of the Royal Ocean Racing Club started off shore end at the mouth of the River Crouch on May 18. It is a race under handicap from Burnham to Heligoland—a distance of 310 miles across the North Sea. The thirteen competitors made a good start in a fresh southerly wind, which, if it held, would give them a reach to Heligoland; but North Sea weather

is difficult to forecast, and there was a chance that before the finish each little vessel would be pitching more or less ineffectively against a head sea. Lord Churston, at the helm of his pilot cutter "Cornubia," made the best start. He was followed close astern by Mr. de Ste. Croix's "Isis" and Captain Ratsey's "Zoraida." The scratch boat was Mr. C. C. McNiel's "Nanette."



TWO BELGIAN MINE DISASTERS: KING LEOPOLD SYMPATHISING WITH MINERS AT PATURAGES, AFTER THE SECOND EXPLOSION.

A firedamp explosion in the Lambrechies mine at Paturages, in the Mons district, on the night of May 15, caused the death of forty-two coalminers; and a second explosion, on the morning of May 17, killed fourteen more. The second disaster occurred while a rescue party was still trying to reach victims of the first explosion. King Leopold left Brussels on May 17 for a second visit to the stricken district, and is seen offering his sympathy at the pithead.



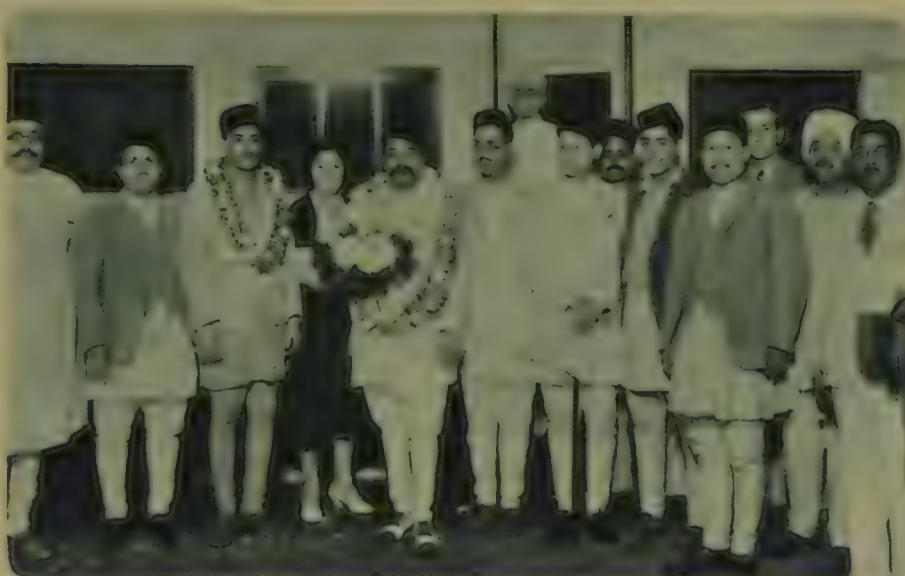
REHEARSING FOR THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO—IN JUNE: KING JAMES II. EXAMINING THE PLANS OF THE ROYAL ARSENAL.

The Aldershot Tattoo opens at Rushmoor Arena on June 16. The siege and fall of Namur to British troops under William of Orange will be reproduced in the huge arena. The King, accompanied by his Royal Consort and the Princess, will be seen inspecting the march-past and drill evolutions of his regiments.—[Note: Owing to pressure of space, we omit The Treasure of the Week at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a water-colour of Rhyl Sands by David Cox.]



A CHILD KIDNAPPED AND KEPT IN A TRENCH: JUNE ROBLES, OF TUCSON, ARIZONA.

The victims of two of America's most sensational kidnappings were rescued unharmed on May 14. One of them, June Robles, the six-year-old granddaughter of a wealthy cattle-rancher, was discovered in an emaciated condition half-buried in a hole in the Arizona desert. Here she had lain, sheltered from the sun by dirty sacking and cactus leaves, for some nineteen days.



THE NEPALESE MINISTER-DELEGATE TO LONDON: GENERAL BAHADUR SHUM JUNG (GARLANDED AND WITH BOUQUET), WHO IS BRINGING COSTLY GIFTS FOR THE KING.

General Bahadur Shum Shere Jung Bahadur Rana, eldest son of the Prime Minister of Nepal, and Nepalese Minister-Delegate to this country, has left India for England, where it was stated he would arrive about May 28. He will confer the Special Order of Ojasvi Rajanya on the King, by command of the Maharajah of Nepal; and will also bring presents from the Maharajah to the King-Emperor, including precious musk from the Nepalese deer.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



KIDNAPPED, AND RESCUED BY THE POLICE: MR. WILLIAM GETTLE, OF LOS ANGELES.

At the same time as June Robles, who had been kidnapped, was discovered in the Arizona desert, Mr. William Gettle, the oil-magnate, was rescued from kidnappers. He was released by the police after they had raided a villa. His kidnappers were subsequently caught and sentenced.



THE WINNER AND THE RUNNER-UP IN THE BRITISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. A. HOLM (RIGHT) AND MISS F. BARTON.

Miss Pamela Barton, the brilliant young seventeen-year-old golfer, met Mrs. Andrew Holm in the final of the British Women's Championship on May 17, at Porthcawl. Mrs. Holm is twenty-seven, and is a Scottish golfer from Troon. She won by 6 and 5—the first time a Scottish player has won the title since 1911.



MISS JEAN BATTEN, WHO HAS FLOWN FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA IN 14 DAYS, 23 HOURS, 25 MINUTES.

Miss Batten, the twenty-four-year-old New Zealand airwoman, left Lympne, Kent, early on May 8 and reached Port Darwin, Australia, at 6.20 a.m. (B.S.T.) on May 23. She thus broke the woman's record set up by Mrs. Mollison (Amy Johnson), which was 19½ days. Her last stop was at Kupang, Timor. The distance from England to Port Darwin is about 10,000 miles.



THE BULGARIAN COUP D'ETAT: KING BORIS AND QUEEN GIOVANNA DURING THEIR VISIT TO LONDON.

On May 18 the Bulgarian Army seized control of all services and key buildings and positions in Sofia. It appointed a "National Union" Government composed of four civilian and three military Ministers, including Colonel Gueorgiev as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. The coup d'etat passed off quietly. It was alleged that King Boris was ignorant of its imminence, and even demurred at signing the proclamation dissolving Parliament. The new Government was stated to be Republican in tendency.



AFTER THE PARIS LION "HUNT": MME. LACORSE, BESIDE THE BEASTS WHICH SHE HELPED TO ROUND UP.

There was an exciting lion hunt in Paris, in the Vaugirard district, on May 18. Three animals escaped from their cages early in the morning. The tamer appeared in his night-shirt, armed with spear, whip, and revolver; while his wife followed courageously with a lump of meat, used as a bait to lure the beasts to their cage. One lion rushed to and fro, dazed and frightened by lorries and traffic.



MISS MARY PICKFORD VISITS TORONTO, HER NATIVE TOWN: RECEIVING A PRESENTATION FROM THE MAYOR.

Miss Mary Pickford, the film star, paid a visit to Toronto on May 10. She was given a civic reception, and is seen here being welcomed in front of the City Hall by Controller McBride, on whose left is the Mayor of the city. Later the Mayor presented her with a silver plate, in memory of the occasion. Miss Pickford's birthplace is in University Avenue.

MEETINGS OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

The annual conference of the British Legion opened on May 20 at Weston-super-Mare, where there was an attendance of 1130 delegates, the largest in the history of the Legion. In the afternoon ten thousand Legionaries paraded on the sands for divine service, conducted by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Lord Bath took the salute. Prince George, who was to have attended the conference at Weston-super-Mare, did not do so in consequence of reported dissensions in the ranks of the British Legion. At the meeting Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice was unanimously re-elected president and Major F. W. C. Fetherston-Godley was elected chairman. On the same day twelve thousand members from the Metropolitan, South-Eastern, and Home Counties areas attended the British Legion memorial parade and service at the Cenotaph. The contingents with their standards assembled first on the Horse Guards Parade, where they were inspected by the Duke of York, accompanied by General Sir Ian Hamilton. His Royal Highness then marched with Sir Ian at the head of a column to the Cenotaph, and, after the service, placed the Legion's wreath at its foot.



OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH LEGION AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE: LADY EDWARD SPENCER CHURCHILL; MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE (PRESIDENT); LADY HAIG; COLONEL SIR JOHN BROWN; AND MAJOR F. W. C. FETHERSTON-GODLEY (L. TO R.).



THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH LEGION AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SERVICE ON THE SANDS, CONDUCTED BY THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

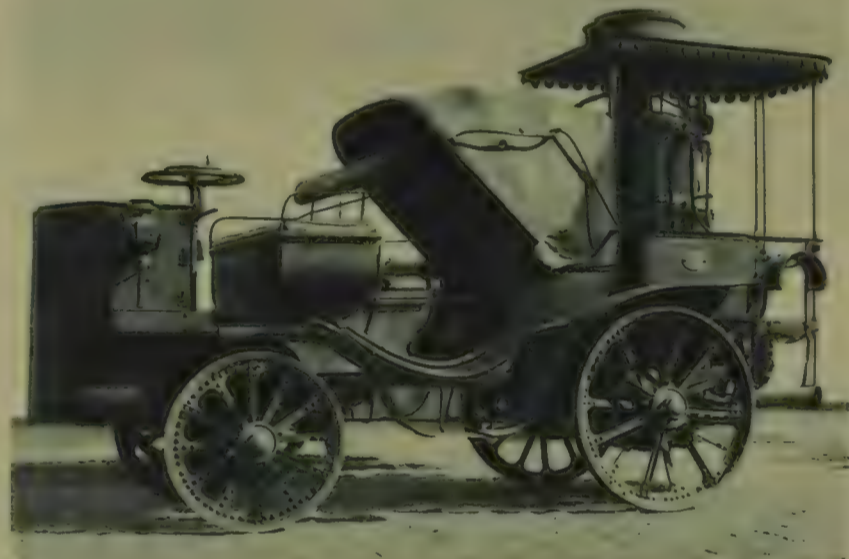


THE BRITISH LEGION MEMORIAL PARADE ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: THE DUKE OF YORK, ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, INSPECTING THE STANDARD-BEARERS BEFORE PLACING A WREATH ON THE CENOTAPH.

COLLECTING OLD FRENCH CARRIAGES.



A COLLECTION OF OLD VEHICLES FOR A MUSÉE DE LA VOITURE: THE CARRIAGE THAT BELONGED TO MARSHAL MAISON ARRIVING AT COMPIÈGNE.



THE AUTOMOBILE MADE BY AMÉDÉE DOLLÉE IN 1878: A CUMBERSOME STEAM-DRIVEN MACHINE THAT PRECEDED THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE.



AN OLD DE DION CAR IN THE COLLECTION FOR THE MUSÉE DE LA VOITURE: AN EXAMPLE OF AN "OLD CREAK" FROM THE EARLY DAYS OF MOTORING.

The development of means of transport is a subject of such universal interest, and one that so closely concerns the lives of almost all, that the Musée de la Voiture, which is to contain examples of numerous types of antique carriage, should become one of the most fascinating of French museums. Our lives have, indeed, been so revolutionised by the invention of the internal combustion engine that one of the most vivid glimpses into history is afforded by an examination of the methods our ancestors used in conveying themselves from place to place. The Musée de la Voiture is installed in the château of Compiègne, and a number of old vehicles, some of which we illustrate here, have recently been collected for it. Other pieces in the collection include an old Madeleine-to-Bastille horse-omnibus, a Louis XVI. berlin and the personal carriage of Napoleon III. The Marshal Maison whose carriage we illustrate bore a prominent part in the Napoleonic wars, fighting with distinction at Jemmapes, Austerlitz, Jéna, and in many other campaigns. He was French Minister for War in 1835, and died in 1840 at the age of sixty-nine.

ART RELICS OF ROMAN TIMES IN AUSTRIA: A VIENNA EXHIBITION.

ARTICLE (WITH PHOTOGRAPHS) BY DR. H. KAUFMANN, KUNSTHISTORISCHES INSTITUTE, VIENNA.

THE Wiener "Kunsthistorisches Museum" has arranged an exhibition showing for the first time the entire results of Roman excavations in Vienna and Austria generally. The fact that the finds represent a conglomeration of all the important cultural centres of this period, including valuable examples of native industry, makes the exhibition particularly interesting. Vienna's position in Europe was of vital importance for its development. Lying at the point of intersection between the great waterway of the Danube and a no less important road, it was equally accessible to foreign influence and productions from all sides. The finds purely Roman in character, from southern Austria, are among the most valuable in the exhibition. The griffin (Fig. 6), perfect alike in form and technique, is one of the finest examples. It probably served originally as a postament for a lute-playing Apollo. The life-sized figure of a naked youth, bearing an inscription on one thigh which shows it to be the votive gift of two liberated slaves, is a worthy rival. Apart from these purely Roman works, however, German finds of the migration period also play a very important part. The most beautiful of these (Fig. 2)



FIG. 1. A SMALL IRON TRINKET REPRESENTING A LION KILLING A DEER: AN EXAMPLE OF A MOTIF—ANIMALS FIGHTING—COMMON IN ORIENTAL ART. (EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME.)



FIG. 3. A BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ROMAN SCULPTURE: A LIFE-SIZE FIGURE OF A NUDE YOUTH, WHICH BEARS AN INSCRIPTION ON ONE THIGH INDICATING THAT THE STATUE WAS A VOTIVE GIFT FROM TWO LIBERATED SLAVES.



FIG. 2. GERMAN JEWELLERY OF THE MIGRATION PERIOD: THE FINEST EXAMPLES, FOUND IN THE GRAVE OF A WOMAN WHICH CONTAINED TRINKETS AND TOILET ARTICLES, AMONG THEM MAGNIFICENT FIBULÆ INLAID WITH ALMANDINES, GLASS PASTE, AND ENAMEL. (EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME.)



FIG. 4. A SMALL CELTIC FIBULA, OF SCROLL-AND-TRUMPET PATTERN, FOUND IN VIENNA, AKIN TO BRITISH EXAMPLES. (NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED.)



FIG. 5. A SPECIMEN OF NATIVE AUSTRIAN ART, FREE FROM FOREIGN INFLUENCE, IN THE ROMAN PERIOD: "A SMALL BUT POWERFULLY MOULDED FIGURE OF A WOMAN." (NOT PREVIOUSLY EXHIBITED.)



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF ROMAN ART IN THE EXHIBITION: A GRIFFIN, "PERFECT ALIKE IN FORM AND TECHNIQUE," AND ORIGINALLY ASSOCIATED, PROBABLY, WITH A FIGURE OF APOLLO.

belongs to the grave of a woman, rich in jewellery and toilet articles, such as bronze mirrors, *pincettes*, and ear-rings. The best parallels for the two magnificent gilded silver *fibula*, inlaid with almandines, glass paste, and enamel, are to be found in the somewhat earlier discoveries at Szilagy-Somlió, in Hungary. The motive of two animals fighting, one of the most vitally important motives in the whole Nomad district of inner Asia, can also be seen in the exhibition. From the Nomad district this motive spread, already in very early times, to East and West Asia, so that it became extremely frequent in Oriental art. In the Vienna exhibition it appears in the shape of a small iron trinket representing a fight between a lion and a deer (Fig. 1). During the period to which these finds belong, Austria was still so strongly permeated with Celtic elements that it is only natural to find Celtic art represented here. The find itself, however, a small *fibula* (Fig. 4) found in Vienna, shows a very fascinating type of scroll-and-trumpet pattern, the best parallels for which are, strangely enough, to be found in the British Isles. The grave of a child must also be mentioned, which was discovered beneath the Opera House in Vienna, and which contained a coin from the year 138 A.D., thus giving an accurate date to the find. In spite of the wealth of foreign forms, a native art was yet able to develop which was comparatively free from foreign influence, and a good example of this can be seen in the small but powerfully moulded figure of a woman (Fig. 5). Altogether the exhibition is an interesting collection of material, giving an excellent picture of the international position of Vienna in the development of art at the period to which it relates.



(LEFT) A SMALL FIRE-PISTON (1 1/2 IN. LONG), FROM BUXERA, WITH THUSAL RANCHO, CUL-INDIA, CLOSED BY A NODE AT LOWER END, AND WOOD PISTON. (RIGHT) A FIRE-PISTON (1 1/2 IN. LONG), WITH CUL-INDIA AND PISTON-HEAD OF TURNED HORN, SLIGHTLY CARVED, FROM WOOD PISTON, FROM SUMATRA.

ONE hundred years ago the phosphorus-tipped friction-match came into being. A simple enough statement; but think for a moment of the situation which would be created in these times by an absence of matches! It is almost inconceivable to us, who are so used to producing fire at will by merely striking a chemically tipped splint on a rough surface.

Fire-producing has always been one of the difficulties which man has had to face. The early savages, and, for that matter, comparatively modern civilisation, showed little variety in the attempts to obtain flame easily. Until the latter part of the eighteenth century, the methods employed might be placed into the three categories of wood friction, flint and pyrites, and flint and steel. Probably the first method owed its inception to some more than usually intelligent person who noticed how wood friction produced by wind force would sometimes be the cause of forest fires. It

is hard enough for a twentieth-century dweller to produce fire by such crude means as rotating one stick on another, but the originators of the device found two minutes or so quite sufficient.

We are not concerned here, however, with any but the more immediate predecessors of the Lucifer match among civilised people. It is still possible to find, in some parts of the world, fire drills worked on the wood-friction method, and even the method of striking lumps of rock or pyrites together; but such districts can hardly be taken as representative of general practice.

The flint-and-steel means of fire-production is a different matter. Even in 1934 we have with the lighters which use this simple principle. Originally, of course, the success of any such device depended



THE EARLIEST SAFETY-MATCHES PRODUCED IN BRITAIN: A BOX OF THE TYPE MADE BY MESSRS. BRYANT AND MAY IN 1861, WITH THE FAMILIAR TRADE-MARK, AN ARK INSCRIBED "SECURITY," AND, AT THE BOTTOM, THE WORDS: "IGNITES ONLY ON THE BOX."

on the presence of a substance such as tinder—which charred linen was a common example—to utilise the heat produced when a flint was struck on a bar of steel. The sparks had to fall on the tinder, and get it glowing sufficiently to ignite a sulphur-tipped "spunk." An outfit for the house would consist, therefore, of a steel, a flint, some tinder, and a number of splints. So the tinder-box came into being in various forms. The stools were usually about two-and-a-half inches long, and were sometimes provided with wooden handles, and even formed the backs of pocket-knives in some instances. The flint varied from very ordinary hard flint to the polished agate in the case of outfits belonging to wealthy noblemen.

The tinder also varied considerably. A vegetable fungus known as amadou, when treated with nitrate of potash, formed a very sensitive tinder, and this was used in some boxes. A big drawback to any form of tinder-box was the tendency of the tinder to become damp and make the producing of fire a



AN ENGLISH BRASS TINDER-PISTOL (7 1/2 IN. LONG) WITH IRON MECHANISM AND WOODEN BUTT, LARGE CANDLE-SOCKET, RECEPTACLE FOR TINDER AND SULPHUR-MATCHES IN BRASS BARREL, CLOSED BY A HINGED LID, AND ORNAMENTAL BRASS FOOT, INSCRIBED "HARCOURT, IPSWICH." PROBABLY EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

most tedious business. Three minutes was a usual time necessary under favourable circumstances; how long when the tinder was damp can only be imagined. To come in on a dark night, grope for your tinder-box, and spend a hectic hour getting the tinder to glow must have been a severe strain on the most equable disposition.

Probably the commonest form of tinder-box came to be a round tin with a candle-socket on the lid. Naturally, the metal of the container varied with

it was intended, and even gold boxes are known to exist. Most exquisite carving was employed by craftsmen to make their goods suitable for the nobility, and many beautiful examples exist to-day. The sulphur matches were usually obtained in bundles, and might be anything from three to eight inches long, with stems of pine or hemp-stalk. It was a short step to the introduction of devices such as the tinder-pistol, which struck the flint and steel by mechanical means. Mechanical tinder-boxes also became numerous, but to describe the ingenious varieties of these would require a book in itself.

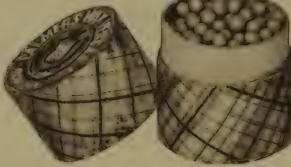
Let us pass on to what we may term chemical devices. Yellow phosphorus was discovered by Brandt in 1669. That it was an exceedingly good means of obtaining fire was all too plain, but the people of the time seem to have been most unenterprising in their attempts to utilise its low-temperature fire-point. The only way to utilise it, they seemed to think, was to rub bits of it between rough paper and then drop them hastily on the eternal tinder. Such a process conjures up amusing visions of the panicky scenes which must have ensued when this was attempted. That burned fingers and clothes were a frequent consequence is certain, and phosphorus, as far as its use as a domestic fire-producer is concerned, seems to have been left severely alone for many years after these crude methods had worn out the patience of those who employed them.

From 1780 to the introduction of the true friction match in 1827, there was a regular flow of ingenious devices, which form, probably the most interesting part of the history of fire-production. What became known as the

THE CENTENARY YEAR OF THE EARLY TYPES; AND THE METHODS OF FIRE-PRODUCTION IN HOW PEOPLE MANAGED

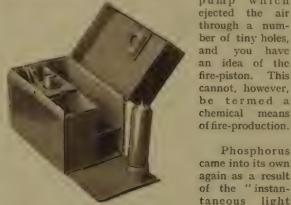
Article by G. ALLISON FIELD. The illustrations are of at Bux, and are reproduced by Courtesy

fire-piston was introduced into England in 1807. The principle of this instrument had been known to some Asiatic tribes for many years, but here it was hailed as a scientific discovery. In its



A BOX MADE IN 1902 BY J. PALMER AND SONS AND LABELED "PALMER'S WAX VESTAS," BOW, LONDON, WITH THE FIRM'S INITIALS IN CENTRE (BUT MADE BY BRYANT AND MAY); HAND-LABELED "FIRST RESQUE PLAIDS SENT TO AUSTRIA."

simplest form, the fire-piston was just a method of igniting tinder by means of the heat produced when air is forced through a small space. The heat produced in the connection of a bicycle pump after a few vigorous strokes is an example of the principle employed. Imagine having a bit of very sensitive tinder in the room for which a small pump which ejected the air through a number of tiny holes, and you have an idea of the fire-piston. This cannot, however, be termed a chemical means of fire-production.



AN ENGLISH INSTANTANEOUS LIGHT-BOX (2 1/2 IN. LONG), WITH COMPARTMENTS FOR A SULPHURIC ACID BOTTLE (CENTRE) AND WAX TAPER MATCHES (LEFT BY DIPPING INTO THE ACID); THE HINGED END BEARING A SOCKET FOR A SMALL CANDLE, FITTING, WHEN THE BOX IS CLOSED, INTO A HORIZONTAL COMPARTMENT.



AN ENGLISH MATCH-BOX OF ABOUT 1813, WITH SLIP-ON LID, INSCRIBED "B. BELL'S IMPROVED ROYAL PATENT LIGHTERS" AND "IN LEFT TOP CORNER" "DRAW THE SAND-PAPER BRISKLY OVER THE MATCH"; AND CONTAINING A PIECE OF STIFF SANDED CARDBOARD, FOLDED IN THE MIDDLE, FOR IGNITION PURPOSES.

PHOSPHORUS FRICTION-MATCH: "LIGHTERS" OF OTHER DAYS. THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY—WITHOUT MATCHES.

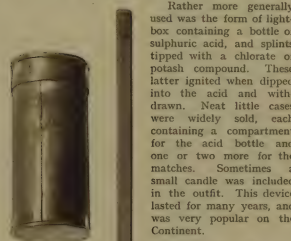
Exhibits in the Bryant and May Museum of Fire-Making Appliances of Messrs. Bryant and May, Ltd.

spunks. When a spunk was dipped into the bottle and withdrawn into the air, it usually fired immediately. But failing glowing particles made this



A SILVER TINDER-HOLDER, PROBABLY FRENCH (2 IN. LONG), WITH HEAVY STEEL ON FRONT AND A NICKEL TUBE FOR MATCH-TINDER (EVIDENTLY A LATER ADDITION) ON BACK; A FLOWING FLORAL DESIGN VERY WELL ENGRAVED, ON THE TOP, BOTTOM, AND SIDES.

contrivance, although fairly practical, very dangerous, and it did not have a great vogue.



(LEFT) AN ENGLISH MATCH-BOX (1 1/2 IN. LONG) MADE BY JOHN WALKER, OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES IN 1752; (RIGHT) ONE OF THE FRICTION-LIGHTERS (1 IN. LONG)—HERE SHOWN ON A LARGER SCALE THAN THE BOX.



AN ENGLISH INSTANTANEOUS LIGHT-BOX FOR BEDSIDE USE, WITH AN ELABORATE CONTRIVANCE (PATENTED BY HENRY BERRY IN 1824) FOR PROCURING A LIGHT IN THE DARK, WHEN LYING IN BED OR OTHERWISE, BY PULLING A STRING WHICH LIFTED THE STOPPER OF A SULPHURIC ACID BOTTLE, MOUNTED A MATCH ON IT, AND, MOVING THE MATCH ON, LIT A SPIRIT-LAMP.

A novel way of using the same chemical action became known as the Promethean match. The sulphuric acid in this case was hermetically sealed in a tiny glass bulb, which, in turn, was surrounded by the chlorate of potash compound. This was then glued to the end of a paper splint. These splints were sold in little boxes containing two tiny pairs of pliers. When one pair of the splint was gripped, while the other was used to break the glass vesicle and allow the acid to come into contact with the chlorate of potash. The resulting flame ignited the paper and gave a convenient form of light for any purpose.

Expense was the chief drawback here, as with so many of the early inventions. Pyrophorus, the name given to a powder which ignited on contact with air, was experimentally used about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The powder was made in various ways, such as by roasting Prussian blue in a hermetically sealed



A CARDBOARD BOX (55 MM. LONG) OF AUSTRIAN CIGAR-CAPS (CIGAR-BURNERS) CONTAINING ABOUT TWENTY CAPS, EACH CONTAINING A COMPARTMENT FOR THE ACID BOTTLE AND ONE OR TWO MORE FOR THE MATCHES. SOMETIMES A SMALL CANDLE WAS INCLUDED IN THE OUTFIT. THIS DEVICE LASTED FOR MANY YEARS, AND WAS VERY POPULAR ON THE CONTINENT.

Here, again, the drawbacks were many. Sulphuric acid has such an affinity for water that it soon weakens by drawing moisture from the atmosphere, and the acid bottles soon became ineffective if the stoppers were not kept on for all but the moment of use. Again, the acid was easily spilled on the clothes, with disastrous effects both to the materials and to the skin beneath!



A FRENCH BURNING-LENS, MOUNTED AT THE END OF A CYLINDRICAL BOX (2 IN. LONG) OF SILVERED BRASS, CONTAINING AMAODOU (SOMETIMES KNOWN AS GERMAN TINDER). THE BOX STAMPED INSIDE "ADOC AINE" AND ENGRAVED OUTSIDE "C.A.B."

on to the platinum, thus giving a glowing mass for use with the sulphur matches.

"Phosphoric tapers" were of earlier date, and involved the use of a hermetically-sealed glass vessel containing a minute piece of yellow phosphorus and a bit of waxed taper. The phosphorus, when heated to a low ignition temperature, made it possible to warm the tube and break it, with the knowledge that the phosphorus would ignite when coming into contact with air and set light to the waxed taper. Such devices as these seem to us to be reminiscent of school-day experiments in the chemistry laboratory, but they played an important part in the development of a quick means of fire-producing.

With the advent of the first friction-matches, which consisted of roughly-hewn splints of wood, tipped with a mixture of potassium chlorate and antimony sulphide, with gum arabic as the binding agent, it was plain that this invention of John Walker, of Stockton, spelt the doom of all the many devices just described.

Except for the introduction of phosphorus into the heads, and the separation of the combustible agents by putting part in the tip and part in the striking surface, thus giving us the safety-match, it is safe to say that the first matches were very much the same as we know them. True, they had to be rubbed between folds of sandpaper, and were cut by hand labour, but in design they differed little from ours at the present time.

Experiments have been made with double-headed matches in which the two ends had to be rubbed to produce the flame; with continuous matches having composition at

an English fusee-box of about 1860 (2 1/2 in. long) of their cardboard, containing a strip of twenty fuses, special matches (for lighting pipes or cigars out of doors) made of a substance that smouldered with a slow steady flame, and was not blown out by the wind.



TWO ENGLISH WHEEL TINDER-BOXES OF JAPANNED TIN: (BELOW) ONE 1 1/2 IN. LONG WITH FLANGE BASE FOR USE ON A TABLE, CONTAINING FIVE FLINT AND TEN SULPHUR MATCHES; (ABOVE) ONE 1 1/2 IN. LONG WITH FLANGE BASE FOR HOLDING IN THE HAND, CONTAINING FLINT, MATCHES, AND TINDER.

in workshops. Dobereiner, in 1823, tried a more convenient form of the hydrogen lamp. He used a tiny piece of spongy platinum, which fires when brought into contact with hydrogen. The jet from the gas generating jar was directed



A DÖBEREINER LAMP (4 1/2 IN. HIGH) FROM ENGLAND; A RECEPTACLE OF FROSTED GLASS IN A BRONZE STAND; SUPPORTED BY A BRASS WICKER; STAMPED ON TOP "FOSHER AND WEST, 2-BROAD STREET, CITY, PATENT."

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INMOST ASIA.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"TENTS IN MONGOLIA": By HENNING HASLUND.*

(PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL.)

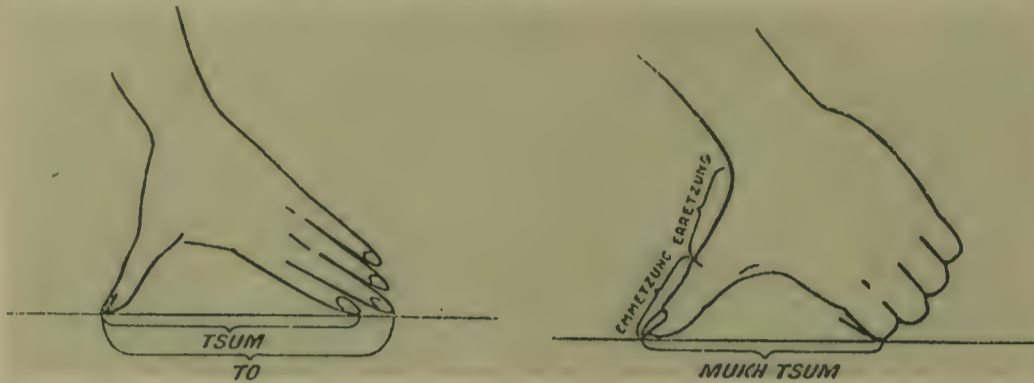
NOT even that most inaccessible of countries, Inner Mongolia, has escaped the agitations of a mad world. Once the domain of priests and princelings whose pride it was to be utterly unspotted from the Western World, it has, in recent years, suffered wave after wave of invasion and disturbance. The reign of terror established by that eccentric tyrant, Baron Ungern-Sternberg, was succeeded by the reprisals of the Bolsheviks; and simultaneously a desultory warfare between Mongols and Chinese—of which the author of this book saw many gruesome traces—harried the land. Indeed, Mongolia for many years past has been between the upper millstone of Russia in the north and the nether millstone of China (or, at least, of Chinese war-lords) in the south. Throughout the pages of this interesting volume we see the Soviet power steadily growing, by methods which have become familiar to the world. Mr. Haslund,

extremely strange impression. The most conservative eastern life and customs and western innovations like the telegraph, the telephone and the motor-car exist side by side in motley combination. The houses of the Russians cluster around the church with Byzantine cupolas; colossal Buddhist temples rise high over thousands of felt-

miles in fourteen hours on an unbroken horse. Smuggling strychnine through the Mongolian Customs is also recommended to those who are in search of thrills; this poison is much valued for use against wolves and other enemies of the farmers, and the reader will learn from Mr. Haslund that the technique of smuggling it is to perform a

little dramatic magic (with Christmas-tree baubles) for the benefit of pious Customs officials.

At Kiäkt, on the Siberian border—a place where races are mixed in an extraordinary hodge-podge—Mr. Haslund set up independent quarters for fur-trading, and had excellent success until he was threatened by the competition of interloping Chinese merchants. His method of outwitting them was novel and daring, and truly Asiatic in its ingenuity. He established an open-air "inn"—politely called the *Alpino Serai*—at a high, bleak spot outside the town; amid Arctic surroundings



MEASUREMENTS USED IN 'THE MONGOLIAN BAZAARS':
 (LEFT) T SUM (THUMB TO FIRST FINGER) AND TO (THUMB TO SECOND FINGER); AND (RIGHT) EMMETZUNG (THUMBNAIL TO JOINT), ERRETZUNG (JOINT TO WRIST), AND MUKH T SUM (THUMBNAIL TO KNUCKLE).

covered Mongol tents. Mounted Mongols, slippered Chinese, long-bearded Russians and smiling Tibetans swarm between palisaded compounds whose walls are hung with gaily-fluttering prayer-flags. At the most eastern end lies the *mai-mai-ch'eng* of the Chinese, a complete fragment of China in whose innumerable shops the sons of Han offer their wares to the Mongols riding by."

Onward through intense cold and with many vicissitudes the pilgrims made their way to Bulgun Tal, in the north-west corner of Mongolia—and here settled down to make themselves a permanent station and a centre for fur-trading. The pioneering work—rigorous but exhilarating—is described with much spirit, as are the manners and customs of the people and the hardy life of the steppes. The Europeans did not fall behind the natives in the adventurousness of their exploits, and Mr. Haslund himself had a remarkable variety of tasks to perform. Transporting furs over snowbound wastes and across frozen streams is only less exciting than a ride (to fetch letters) of eighty-two



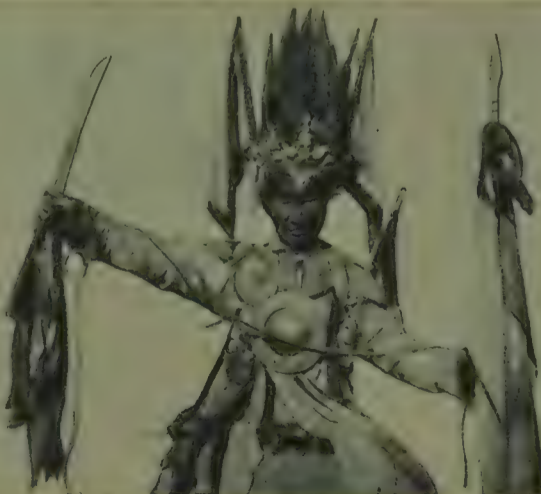
ONE OF THE GOBI DESERT'S "THREE TREES": A VAST BARREN EXPANSE WHICH "MEANS DEATH TO MAN OR BEAST WHO ENTERS IT WITH NOTHING TO FALL BACK ON."

to his imminent peril, came into conflict with it when he penetrated beyond the Siberian border. Arrested on suspicion of being an anti-Soviet propagandist, he was tricked into prison in the little town of Shinkish, not far south of Irkutsk. His account of prison treatment makes grim reading, but he was fortunate enough, by courageous persistence, to establish his innocence and to escape with a ten-days' ordeal of foulness, starvation, and brutality. He returned good for evil by saving three Red soldiers from the fierce revenge which some of his Mongol friends proposed to inflict.

Mr. Haslund was a member of a small Danish expedition led by Dr. C. I. Krebs, who had an unrivalled knowledge of Mongolia. One of the principal objects of the expedition was to explore the possibilities of settling in Northern Mongolia the thousands of Danish farmers, formerly living in Siberia, who had been expropriated by the Bolsheviks. On the commercial side, the expedition aimed at fur-trading and mineral-prospecting. The party set out from Copenhagen in 1923, and from Kalgan, on the northern Chinese boundary (west of Peking), took a north-westerly course through the heart of Mongolia. In a land notorious for its bandits, the travellers were to make the acquaintance of a Robber Chieftain—who, however, turned out to be an attractive, if imperious, young woman! Mongolia is a land of contrasts, and the caravan soon passed from a zone of luxuriant blue irises to the all-devouring Gobi Desert. This they traversed without mishap, and were soon upon the ancient caravan-route from Kalgan to Urga, "the oldest and until lately most used overland connection between the Far East and Europe. Until quite recently, the greater part of the tea consumed in Europe travelled by that route. And up to 1920 most of the wealth of Mongolia was transported along this line to Kalgan, whence it was carried on by rail to the seaport town of Tientsin, which was the trading centre of the great Western firms." After the desert, the steppes, and so to Urga, "the Cloister of God," a very epitome of Asia. "No town in the world is like Urga. Upon us newcomers it made an



A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF RECORD LENGTH: BASSOON-BLOWERS IN A LAMAISTIC PROCESSION.



A MONGOLIAN GURTUM WITH HIS PARAPHERNALIA: A LAMA WHO CAN DIVINE THE FUTURE.

A *gurtum* is a lama who after prolonged prayers and other preparations can put himself into a state of ecstasy, during which he is able to answer questions concerning the future.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Publishers of "Tents in Mongolia."



AN EXAMPLE OF MOTHER-LOVE ON THE STEPPE: A WILD MARE WHO WOULD NOT ABANDON HER NEW-BORN FOAL.

A few minutes before this photograph was taken a herd of several hundred half-wild horses was grazing on the spot, but all but these vanished at a gallop when the photographer approached.

a great fire blazed, and succulent masses of pottage continually sent forth their savours. To these delights frozen, hungry trappers were drawn from the surrounding night as by an irresistible force, and were well content to dispose of their furs without completing the tedious journey to the town market. One could wish that all methods of cornering the market were as enterprising and as deserving of the reward for effort. A strange scene for a commercial undertaking! "For a little while it was vouchsafed to us to stand on the boundary between two ancient Empires. Southward ran the long caravan routes that led to the thousand-year-old centres of civilisation in the 'Middle Kingdom,' down among the toiling masses of the 'Sons of Heaven.' And to the north and west lay the wide snowfield through which the dreaded Cossacks of the 'White Tsar' had through centuries driven wretched chained troops of homeless exiles. It was this boundary that had divided six hundred millions of mankind between the earth's two mightiest dynasties. No painted boundary pillar, no armed guard kept watch over this frontier, which nature had placed in the most desolate 'no man's land.'"

Besides many vivid pictures of the physical and social aspects of a fabled land, the book touches at many points on the elusive blend of faith, superstition, and mysticism which make up Lamaism. With this all-pervading force the denizen of Mongolia must make himself familiar if he is to understand the true outlook of the people. Mr. Haslund made early acquaintance with the unseen forces which are the daily companions of the Mongolian peasants; to thwart their evil designs he was involved by an anxious mother in a process of what may be called parenthood without tears. Evil spirits, it seems, are gullible creatures: should a child be persecuted by them, it can be rescued if a stranger will pretend to be its father, for it is only the mother and her child who are the object of their animosity, not the adoptive father and his child! This benevolent office of duping demons Mr. Haslund performed with vigour and promptitude, and the reader hopes that the child lived to bless his godfather's name for an ingenious method of

(Continued on page 842.)

* "Tents in Mongolia (Yabonah): Adventures and Experiences Among the Nomads of Central Asia." By Henning Haslund. With sixty-four plates and a Map. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.; 15s. net.)

QUEER CRAFT OF PORTUGAL: REMINDERS OF ANCIENT DAYS OF SAIL.



A GRACEFUL BOAT OF AVEIRO, THE "VENICE" OF PORTUGAL: A BARGE-LIKE CRAFT USED FOR CARRYING SEAWEED, BRUSH-WOOD AND SALT, AND FORMING A LINK WITH THE RIVER BOATS.



PORTUGUESE RIVER BOATS: LONG, NARROW CRAFT WHICH, LIKE WHERRIES ON THE BROADS, CAN BE EITHER SAILED OR QUANTED ALONG THE BANK WITH A PUNT-POLE.



A SARDINE-BOAT OF CAPARICA, OF PHœNICIAN ORIGIN; WITH PAINTED EYES AT THE STEM AND A RAM'S HORN AS AN AMULET ON THE BOWSPRIT.



CRESCENT-MOON-SHAPED SARDINE-BOATS OF CAPARICA, JUST ACROSS THE TAGUS FROM ESTORIL: CRAFT DERIVING FROM PHœNICIAN DAYS, WITH EYES TO WARD OFF EVIL.



FISHING-BOATS OF CEZIMBRA, RETAINING THE PAINTED EYES THE PHœNICIANS USED ON THEIR BOATS TO AVERT THE EVIL EYE, AND HAVING A ROUND PAD OF TOW OR LEATHER ON THE BOWSPRIT TO PROTECT THE SAIL FROM CHAFING.



THE BARCO RABELO: BOATS USED TO BRING THE PIPES OF PORT DOWN THE DOURO TO OPORTO, AND STEERED BY MEANS OF LONG FLEXIBLE OARS.

Such interest was aroused by the photographs and drawings of junks and other ancient ships of the East in our issue of April 7, that we publish here a further page of queer craft—this time from the less distant shores of Portugal. That country seems to have preserved more strange and antique types of sailing-vessel than any other in Europe. It may be because her long sandy coast, often distant even to-day from road and railway, has kept intact little groups of people descended from the Greek, Phœnician, and Roman settlers who went there two thousand or more years ago. Thus Cezimbra, within a few miles of the sand-buried Phœnician city of Trola, retains on its fishing-vessels the painted eyes with which the Phœnicians sought to protect themselves against the Evil

Eye. Another curiosity of these boats is the round pad of tow or leather on the high bowsprit, to prevent chafing of the lateen sail. Strangest of all, and of undoubted Phœnician origin, are the crescent-moon-shaped sardine-boats of Caparica, near Estoril. Painted in white and blue or rose, with staring eyes, they have prows curving so steeply that the stem actually crosses the bulwarks. Of Portuguese river boats there are two types. Those used on the Mondego and Vouga, shallow rivers with treacherous sandbanks, can be sailed or punted, and are steered by two cords running from the tiller to the bows, so that the rudder may be governed from anywhere on board. Finally, there is the famous *barco rabelo*, which brings port down the Douro from the upper reaches to Oporto.

SPOILS OF THE SPADE AT ARMAGEDDON:

DISCOVERIES AT MEGIDDO, IN PALESTINE, RELATING PARTLY TO THE DAYS OF SOLOMON AND AHAB, AND ILLUMINATING MANY PASSAGES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

By DR. HERBERT GORDON MAY, *Philologist and Hebraist of the Expedition under Mr. P. L. O. Guy, working at Megiddo for the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.*
Photographs by Courtesy of the Institute. (See Illustrations opposite.)

TELL EL-MUTESELLIM, ancient Megiddo, more popularly known as Armageddon, south-east of Haifa at the edge of the Plain of Esdraelon, has quite completely satisfied the expectations of the excavators by the new light thrown on the religion of the past by the material finds since 1926. Many an Old Testament passage has been illustrated. Some of the most unusual discoveries have come from the period when Solomon was king at Jerusalem, or later when Ahab ruled his extensive kingdom from Samaria.

Near the beginning of this century the German archaeologist, Dr. Schumacher, uncovered a part of a building which he identified as a temple-stronghold,

taken in part from several model shrines in pottery which were found near by. In the one illustrated in Fig. 7 attention may be called to the proto-Ionic volutes at the upper corners of the façade. The sphinxes decorating the façade and the sides of the shrine are the *cherubim* of the Old Testament, recalling the

already indicate a long period of development.

The detail of the superstructure of the reconstructed temple is

manifestation of the mother-goddess, whose effigy in pottery has occurred many times at Megiddo. These pottery figurines were perhaps first introduced into the country by the late Hyksos, and a memory of this may be found in the story of Jacob and the *teraphim* in Genesis xxxi. They are found at Megiddo from 1700 B.C. or 1600 B.C. to the Greek period (Fig. 8). Some of these idols—for such they were—are made of stone. Figurines of animals of various species, especially bovine types (Fig. 10), which seem to have served no utilitarian purpose, were very numerous in the period of the Hebrew monarchy, and they may have served as



FIG. 1. PERHAPS THE EARLIEST KNOWN PROTO-IONIC CAPITAL: A PRE-SOLOMONIC EXAMPLE FROM A MEGIDDO BUILDING DESCRIBED BY DR. SCHUMACHER, THE GERMAN ARCHÆOLOGIST, AS A "PALACE."



FIG. 2. ONE OF FIVE PROTO-IONIC LIMESTONE CAPITALS ASSOCIATED WITH THE TEMPLE BUILDING AT MEGIDDO, AND PERHAPS DATING FROM THE TIME OF SOLOMON—955 B.C.

descriptions of the ornamentation of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings vi, 35 ff.). The round holes above the windows are for the sacred doves, the birds of Astarte. This and other pottery shrines from Megiddo must be associated with similar objects which have been found at Ashur, Susa, Beth-Shan, Gezer, Cyprus, and elsewhere.

The female sphinxes on the façade of this pottery shrine represent one

charms for increasing the flocks, and also may have been a part of the bull cult of the *Baalim* (or Baals), mentioned in the Old Testament. We may also note the tiny chariot-wheels in pottery, parts of model chariots, and perhaps used as votive objects in the solar cult (Fig. 6).

Among the more interesting religious objects there are also six horned altars of limestone, some of which were found in the sacred area in which the above-mentioned temple was located (Fig. 5). These are the altars of incense, to which reference is made in Exodus xxx, 1-5 and xxxvii, 25 ff. They may be compared with horned altars found at Balata, or ancient Shechem, and Tell Beit Mirsim. The earliest Megiddo altar of this type comes from the late pre-Solomonic level, having been found beneath the stables which that great king had built at Megiddo (cf. 1 Kings ix, 15).

Most of these religious objects were a part of the paraphernalia of the fertility cult, the cult of the mother-goddess, whose symbol appears inscribed at the south-east corner of the Megiddo temple in the form of an incised double triangle, which was later to become the well-known Jewish and Masonic emblem, but which here doubtless represents the star of Astarte or the mother-goddess. A further illustration

of the symbolism of this cult comes from a kernos ring, a vessel probably used in the libation rites (Fig. 9). On the ring are the head of a gazelle, two doves drinking from a cup, two pomegranates, and two wine-jars. These are the emblems and the fertility attributes of the deities of these cults, and the wine-jars hint of the Bacchanalian rites. It was against this type of religion that Hosea preached in the eighth century B.C., and his statement, "A maker of images is Ephraim," might as well have applied to Megiddo. Jehovah was not entirely forgotten, however, for a sherd of a jar from perhaps the seventh century B.C. bears the legend, "Belonging to Yo," and "Yo" is but one of the forms of the divine name which in our Bibles is rendered with the spelling "Jehovah." The formal publication of the Megiddo religious materials and related objects by the Oriental Institute is now in the press and will appear shortly.



FIG. 3. A RECONSTRUCTION OF A BUILDING AT MEGIDDO IDENTIFIED AS A TEMPLE OF ASTARTE, THE EVIDENCE POINTING TO ITS USE AS A TEMPLE FROM THE TIME OF SOLOMON; SHOWING (CENTRE) THE ENTRANCE ILLUSTRATED BELOW IN FIG. 4.—[Drawn by T. A. L. Concanon.]



FIG. 4. SHOWING THE USE OF THE PROTO-IONIC CAPITALS, WITH THEIR SQUARED PILLARS, AS DECORATIVE DOOR-JAMBS: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTED ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE SEEN ABOVE IN FIG. 3.—[Drawn by T. A. L. Concanon.]

and later excavations by Professor Fisher, under the Oriental Institute, made it possible to identify the building as an Astarte temple in view of the associated objects. This temple is now completely exposed, and it is reconstructed in Fig. 3. Its construction is of great importance for the architect, and a most important item is the proto-Ionic capitals of limestone (e.g., Fig. 2), five of which were found in the excavated area. These capitals, with their squared pillars, were probably used as decorative door-jambs (Fig. 4), as suggested by a parallel from Tamossos, Cyprus. The capitals are an early type, and their evolution from the lily motif is clearly indicated. This temple was first built near the middle of the tenth century B.C., and the capitals are thus as early as the time of Solomon. Another capital (Fig. 1), most beautifully carved, is of almost the same size as the capitals of "four cubits" in Solomon's temple described in the Old Testament as "of lily work" (1 Kings vii, 19). It belongs to a building which precedes Solomon, and which may be from the time of David.

This is perhaps the earliest-known proto-Ionic capital, although Mr. Robert Engberg, of the Megiddo staff, has produced evidence that their origin is most certainly in a more remote antiquity in Syro-Hittite regions, and the Megiddo specimens

MEGIDDO "FINDS" AND THE BIBLE: ASTARTE WORSHIP IN SOLOMON'S DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



FIG. 5. (LEFT) AN "ALTAR OF INCENSE" OF THE KIND MENTIONED IN EXODUS (CHAPTERS 30 AND 37): ONE OF SIX HORNED ALTARS OF LIMESTONE FROM THE SACRED AREA OF THE ASTARTE TEMPLE FOUND AT MEGIDDO.



FIG. 7. DECORATED WITH SPHINXES (THE "CHERUBIM" OF THE OLD TESTAMENT): ONE OF SEVERAL MODEL SHRINES IN POTTERY USED AS AN INCENSE STAND OR ALTAR, WITH ROUND HOLES FOR THE DOVES OF ASTARTE—RECONSTRUCTED WITH PLASTICINE.



FIG. 6. (BELOW) POTTERY MODELS OF CHARIOT WHEELS FROM THE MIDDLE IRON AGE: OBJECTS THAT REMIND THE ARCHÆOLOGIST OF THE CHARIOTS AND HORSES OF THE SOLAR CULT AT JERUSALEM (II. KINGS, 23, II).



FIG. 8. POTTERY FIGURINES, RECALLING JACOB AND THE TERAPHIM (GENESIS 31): A CANAANITE GODDESS (TOP LEFT) OF ABOUT 1600 B.C.; AND LATER MOTHER GODDESS TYPES, WITH A MALE FIGURINE HAVING BOVINE EARS (ON RIGHT).

Regarding Dr. May's article opposite, to which these photographs relate (being numbered according to his references), an introductory note states: "Extraordinary architectural and religious data have been revealed by the more recent excavations of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago at Tell el-Mutesellim



FIG. 9. SYMBOLISM OF THE FERTILITY CULT OF THE MOTHER GODDESS: A KERNOS RING WITH GAZELLE HEAD, TWO DOVES (AT TOP) DRINKING FROM A CUP, POMEGRANATES, AND WINE-JARS (DATED ABOUT 1200 B.C.).



FIG. 10. BOVINE ANIMAL FIGURINES IN POTTERY: TYPES OF THE MIDDLE IRON AGE (ABOUT 1000-600 B.C.), OF WHICH OTHER EXAMPLES FOUND AT MEGIDDO REPRESENT HORSES, SHEEP, GOATS, AND RAMS.

(Megiddo), in Palestine, which began in 1924 under Professor Clarence S. Fisher and are being continued by Mr. P. L. O. Guy." Prof. Breasted, the Director of the Institute, points out that Dr. May's article "contains very interesting revelations in Hebrew and pre-Hebrew religion and architecture."



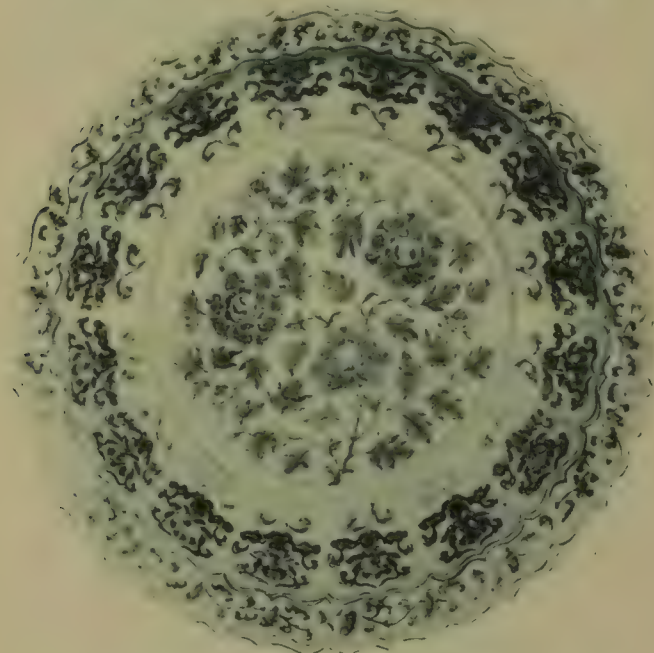
A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MORE CHINESE MASTERPIECES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE is no doubt that this year London has been especially fortunate in its Chinese exhibitions. Professor Yetts organ-

ised a small but exceedingly important show at the Courtauld Institute, and Professor Pelliot came over from Paris to lecture upon the progress of Chinese Archaeology. Sir Philip Sassoon provided a remarkable feast for both the learned and the unlearned in aid of the hospital of which he is chairman; the Loo-Sparks exhibition in Mount Street has already been the subject of some remarks on this page; and the firm of Bluett Bros. announce for June 6 a display of rather more than a hundred pieces brought over by Mr. Peter Boode, of the Hague. In previous years the finest examples from both these sources would inevitably have remained on the Continent or emigrated to the United States without touching England; we have to thank world economic conditions and our own comparative solidity for their appearance over here. It's an ill wind, etc.—and now for an indication of what is to be expected from the Boode-Bluett combination.

The clou of this show is presumably the vase of Fig. 1:



2. A CHINESE PATTERN THAT WAS COPIED BY PERSIAN FAIENCE WORKERS AT THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A LARGE PORCELAIN DISH, WITH THE INTERIOR DECORATED IN SCROLLING PEONIES WITHIN A BORDER OF FLOWERS, IN UNDER-GLAZE COPPER RED; THE UNDERSIDE HAVING A BORDER OF FLOWERS AND WAVES. (DIAMETER 18 IN.)

of celadon better than this—6½ in. high, with two fish-shaped ears; colour, seagreen and incorruptible; shape, that known as "kinuta" (which is Japanese for a fuller's mallet), inspiration surely from the high gods, who have endowed man from time to time with vision and patience and cunning hands. Period, of course, Sung. So much for this, lest I break into verse. The majority of the other pieces are later, very choice, and are interesting both for their intrinsic merit and for their value as evidence in various rather obscure problems of dating and attribution. For example, there are certain specimens of plain yellow imperial ware—indeed, a whole range of them—which illustrate with uncommon aptness the differences between the technique practised in various Ming reigns from the beginning of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth centuries. As to the quality of the porcelain produced throughout the dynasty (1368-1619 A.D.), the notion that it was all rather coarse—fine, but a trifle brutal—has long since given way to a more flattering appreciation as authentic specimens, either dated by the reign mark or to be dated by analogy with known examples, have come upon the market in recent years.

Fig. 2 provides an instance in which an intelligent deduction can be made as to date. It is a fine dish 18 in. in diameter, unglazed at the base, decorated in underglaze copper-red, the interior with scrolling peonies within a border of flowers, the underside with a border of flowers and waves. Persian faience definitely of the end of the fifteenth century is found with this design—which is not a native Persian idiom—and it follows, therefore, that a dish such as this, technical details of glaze, colour, etc., being as they should be for the period, is more likely to be fifteenth century than later.



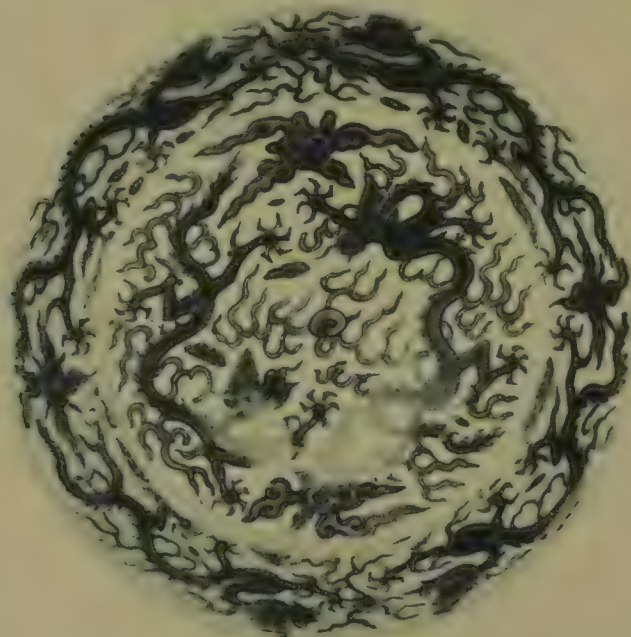
1. A SUPERB PIECE OF SEA-GREEN CELADON: A SUNG PERIOD VASE OF THE SO-CALLED "KINUTA" TYPE; WITH TWO FISH-SHAPED EARS. (6½ IN. HIGH.)

I write as a celadon fanatic whose judgment is therefore suspect, but it is safe to assert that one will have to travel far, and dip deep into one's pocket, before finding a piece

A good deal of attention has recently been paid to the finer points of expertise in connection with Ming pieces; and readers of this page may perhaps recall a review of a book by Mr. E. Bluett last October which gave a very clear account of the problems involved. In it he pointed out, among other things, the comparative decadence of the drawing of certain sixteenth-century dragons when placed side by side with early fifteenth-century examples, which latter have a truly Gothic vigour. It so happens that this exhibition contains the saucer-dish of Fig. 3, whose interior is painted in underglaze blue with two

five-clawed dragons (i.e., imperial dragons—the piece was made for use in the Emperor's household) amidst conventional clouds and a border of two pairs of similar dragons, the outside decorated with scrolling flowers. This piece, fine and rare though it is, can profitably be compared with a similar example in the Franks collection in the British Museum: the former bears the mark of Wan Li (1573-1619); the latter is nearly a century earlier—and the drawing much firmer.

I have often pointed out the part played by modern developments in unearthing Chinese pottery and porcelain. I hear now that the construction of new motor roads in the province of Kiangsi (Lung Hu Shan district—Dragon Tiger Mountain district) has resulted in some interesting and quite accidental finds, some of which are included in the exhibition; and it is illuminating to compare the condition of



3. A MING PORCELAIN SAUCER-DISH BEARING THE WAN LI MARK (1573-1619): A PIECE DECORATED WITH TWO FIVE-CLAWED DRAGONS IN UNDER-GLAZE BLUE—SHOWING THAT IT WAS MADE FOR THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD.

an excavated example with that of a piece which was never buried. There is a fine jar (No. 71), decorated in underglaze blue with floral scrolls with the Hsuan Te mark (1426-1435), recently dug up in Kiangsi province; the glaze is almost gone, while others only a decade or so younger, which have been kept safely stored ever since, are as perfect as when they were made.

Among the earlier pottery pieces is a noble Sung vase excavated recently in Kuluhsien. Kuluhsien was destroyed by floods in 1108, so that this piece must have been made before that date. It is covered with a milky-white glaze which age and burial have partly turned a rusty brown; what is specially fine about it is its beautiful shape—a slender lower part gradually swelling out to the shoulder and crowned by a narrow, flaring mouth—the type known as Mei P'ing (P'ing=vase; Mei=the flower of the hawthorn), one of those Chinese subtleties which the barbarous Westerner finds so intriguing.

One excellent example (Fig. 4) will be almost a new discovery to many who are thoroughly familiar with orthodox blue and white. This is white on blue—a deep blue of which the illustration can give no idea—and the base is unglazed, one of several points which it has in common with many similar pieces that modern criticism accepts as being of the fifteenth century.

As usual, one despairs of being able to convey to the man who has never browsed around amid a choice collection of porcelain anything of its charm, much less its soft brilliance. There is also another point about these exhibitions which is worth emphasising: for obvious reasons, one cannot actually handle the objects in public collections, nor can one command the services of people who are quite willing to take infinite pains to explain the elementals of the study to the diffident visitor. For this reason I hold that exhibitions such as this and the Sparks affair I wrote about recently are a good deal more than just commercial propositions, but take their place naturally and inevitably as major stepping-stones to a liberal education.



4. A FORM OF CHINESE BLUE-AND-WHITE DECORATION THAT WILL COME AS A SURPRISE TO MANY: A MING PLATE WITH A PATTERN EXPRESSED IN WHITE ON A DEEP BLUE GROUND; WITH AN UNGLAZED BASE. (FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)



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A NEW STRAUSS OPERA.

THE new opera, "Arabella," by Richard Strauss, has not had to wait long for its first production at Covent Garden, since it was only given its first performance last year, in Dresden. The libretto is by the famous Austrian poet, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who also wrote the libretto of "Der Rosenkavalier" for Strauss. During the first act one might have been hopeful that here was a younger sister to "Der Rosenkavalier," for much of the music is really charming in a true Viennese style: there is a really beautiful duet between Arabella and her sister Zdenka, which was exquisitely sung by Viorica Ursuleac (Arabella) and Margit Bokor (Zdenka), their voices blending uncommonly well.

Unfortunately, the libretto is not as good as that of "Rosenkavalier," although it is also a lyrical comedy in a Viennese setting (1860). Arabella is the daughter of a ruined aristocrat, and she is attracted by a stranger who turns out to be the nephew of an old friend of her father's, and immensely rich. The marriage will save the family, and Arabella is willing. In order to prevent the plot coming to a premature conclusion in one act, Hofmannsthal has invented a not very plausible story of Arabella's sister giving the key of her room to a young man for whom Arabella does not care, but her sister, Zdenka, loves. The whole of the second act is taken up by this development at a ball. The scene is brilliantly staged, but the action is too long drawn out.

Perhaps this would not have mattered if Strauss had been able to invent some particularly attractive waltzes and other dance music, but this would have been to repeat what he had already done



"BROTHER AND SISTER."—BY GEORGES D'ESPAGNAT: ONE OF THE NOTABLE WORKS IN A VERY INTERESTING ONE-MAN SHOW AT WILDENSTEIN'S.

Very rightly, the exhibition of paintings by Georges d'Espagnat is arousing much interest. The artist, who was born at Melun in August 1870, has been well known since the early 'nineties; and he has shown his works at the National Society of Fine Arts and at the Independents since 1903. He is represented in the Luxembourg.

From the Picture at Messrs. Wildenstein's, 11, Carlos Place, London. (Copyright Reserved.)

so successfully in "Rosenkavalier." Consequently, this second act is undeniably dull, the best moment in it being, oddly enough, another duet, between Arabella and the stranger, Mandryka. This act winds up in a climax, with Mandryka, wild with jealousy, inviting the guests to drink champagne. This climax, however, is never really stirring, and it seems as if Strauss had not been able to make it "go." The last act has none of the surprises of the last act of "Rosenkavalier," nor any of its dramatic interest, for there is not a single character—such as the Princess in "Rosenkavalier"—to engage our sympathy. One cannot help feeling that Strauss has been too heavily handicapped by his libretto, which really has no sustained interest.

The music of the first act shows, however, that his hand has lost nothing of its cunning. The music flows, almost floats along, with grace and sensibility, and the texture is extremely beautiful; even finer and more transparent than in "Rosenkavalier." After this, however, it seems to decline, and has surprisingly little vitality, as if Strauss himself were bored with the material he was handling. It is, finally, the ineffectiveness of the second act which will, I imagine, prevent "Arabella" from attaining the great popularity of "Rosenkavalier."

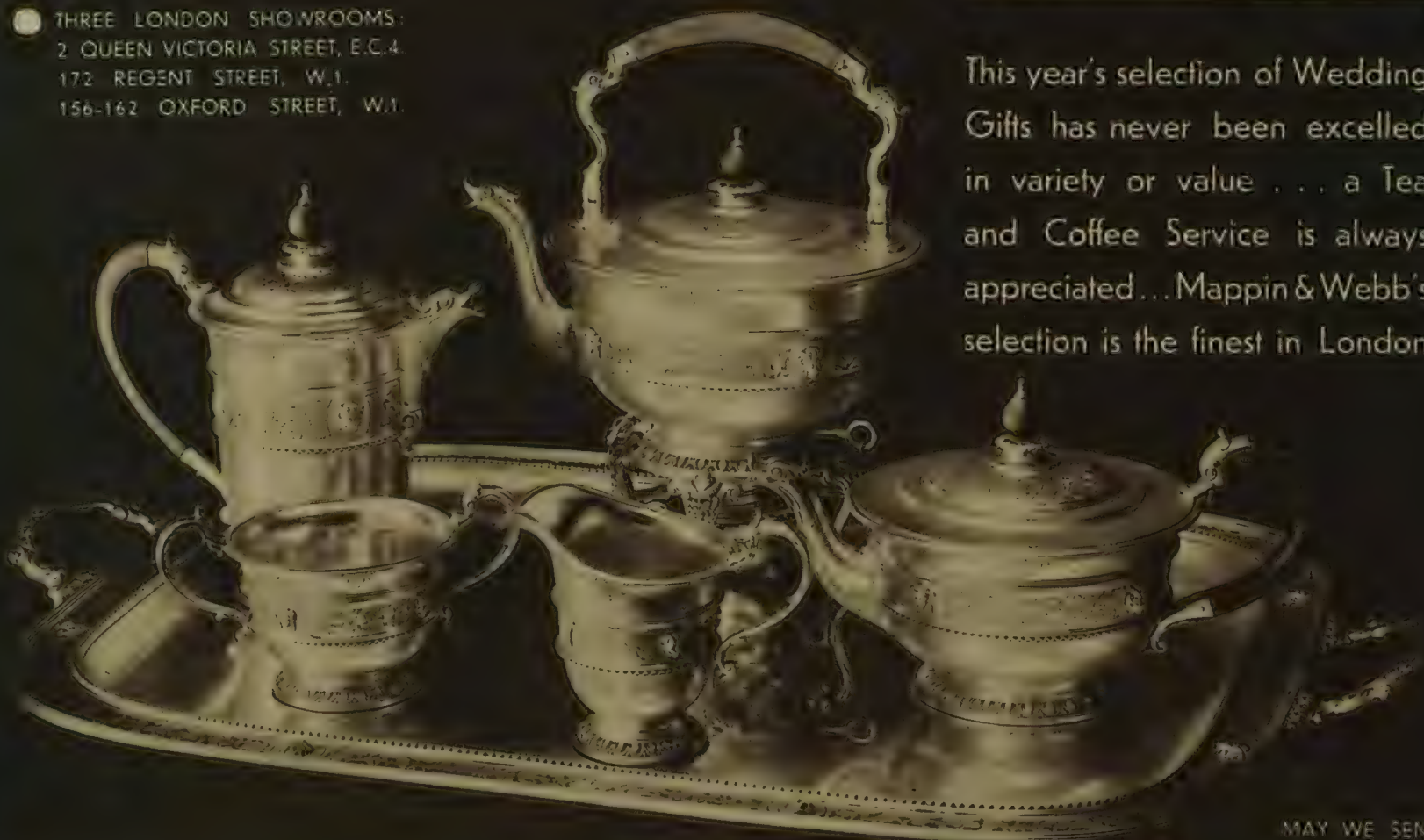
The performance was a very good one, the singing and acting of Viorica Ursuleac (Arabella) and Margit Bokor (Zdenka) being all that could be desired. I thought the Mandryka of Alfred Jerger bordered on the bizarre to an extent that did not seem to fit the music given to him, and so could hardly have been quite in accordance with the intentions of the composer. The new scenery and costumes designed by Benno von Arent were very attractive, and the orchestra played well under Clemens Krauss, who conducted on this occasion. W. J. TURNER.

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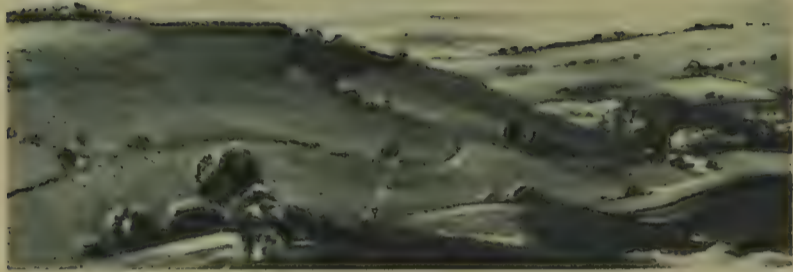
"TENTS IN MONGOLIA."

(Continued.)

renouncing the world, the flesh, and the devil. Mr. Haslund witnessed an even more dramatic example of the casting out of devils, according to the rites of Shamanism, "the 'black doctrine' which in Asia's most isolated and wildest

he was too holy even to be named. "He was certainly a lama, but belonged to no monastery. . . . None knew his age nor his place of birth. But he was very old, for the oldest among the people of the region could remember a time during their childhood when he did not leave his cave in the mountains for twelve years. During these twelve years the people had daily brought him food from the valley, but no one had ever spoken to him. It was said that the wild beasts of the forest had visited him in his cave and that he had learned their language. There had been times when no one saw him for several years, and when none knew where he dwelt." Despite his sanctity, he seems to have been a very sympathetic and obliging old gentleman, for he prophesied exactly, with the aid of burnt sheep-bones, the manner in which Mr. Haslund's lost servant, Sava, would return to his master out of a snowstorm. He remains in the reader's mind as one of the many

And while furniture and carpets, walls and ceilings, are receiving the close attention of the careful housewife, floors must not be forgotten. For spring-cleaning has its hygienic side. Germs and dust are brought in from outside, however carefully one wipes one's shoes; they enter through the windows and settle on the floor. The best means of combating the risks to good health that may find a resting-place on floors is, of course, a good hygienic polish. Such a one, it is claimed, will be found in "Mansion Polish"; for it is produced with the object of dealing with dirt and dust that inadvertently enter the home. A special problem is presented by the cleaning of enamel paint. The soap and water method, entailing the continuous wringing of flannels, is somewhat irksome and tiring. But "Min Cream" is designed to remove the dirt quickly and restore the brilliance of the enamel finish at one operation; while the polishing of furniture is much simplified by the use of "Min Cream" and the result is satisfactory to the most exacting.



AN INTERESTING ART EXHIBITION: "BERKSHIRE DOWNS," ONE OF THE PAINTINGS BY LEONARD HUSKINSON NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE BEAUX-ARTS GALLERY IN BRUTON PLACE.

recesses has always such powers of attraction for primitive souls." Women seem to play many parts in remote Mongolia, for on this occasion the Shaman (like the Robber Chieftain) was a young and attractive woman. The frenzied ceremony which she performed is powerfully described; and, whatever the explanation (Mr. Haslund wisely offers none), the patient seems to have been completely cured. Perhaps the most singular individual whom the author encountered was the Magician of the Mountains, the *Ole'en Lama*—irreverently so called, for to his compatriots

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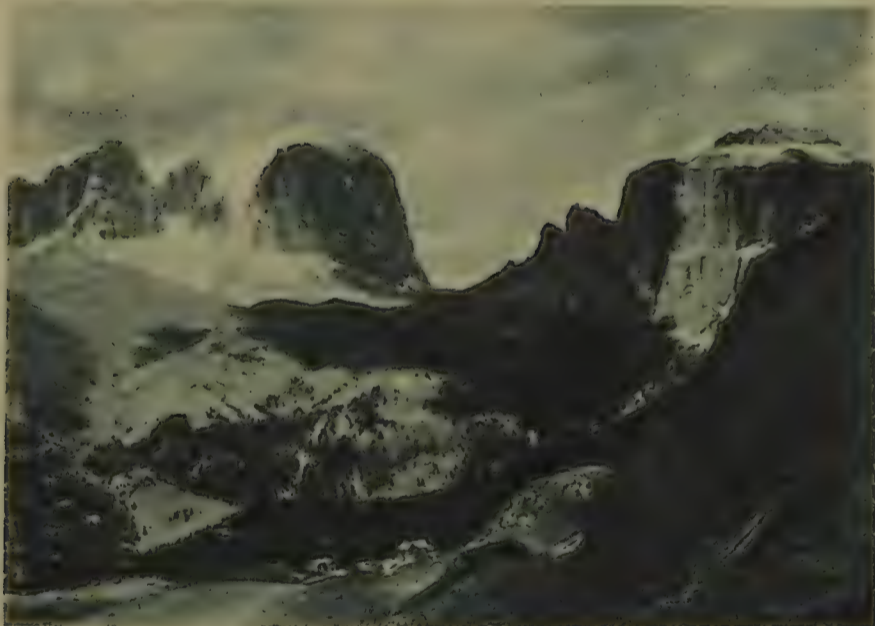
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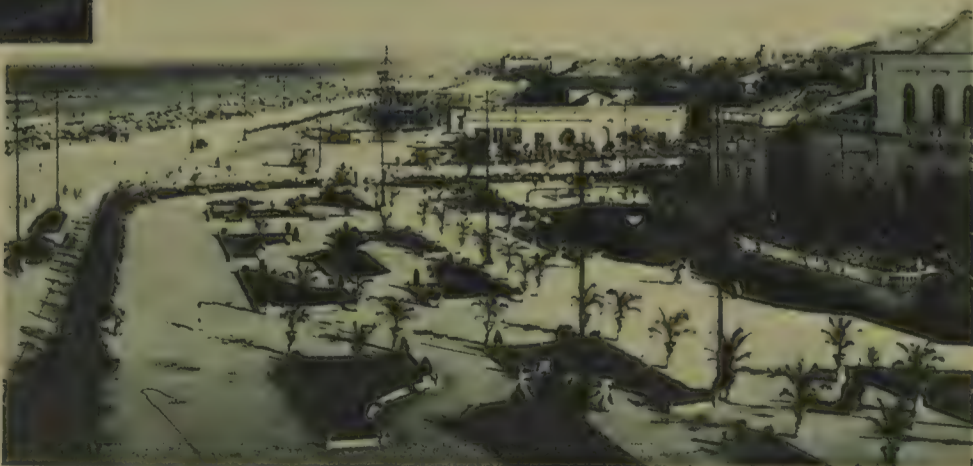
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



A CAR FOR SPRING OUTINGS: ONE OF THE NEW MORRIS "TEN-SIXES"—WHICH COMBINE AMPLE ROOM FOR FOUR GROWN-UPS WITH VERY LOW RUNNING COSTS—BY THE FAMOUS OLD STRATFORD-ON-AVON ALMSHOUSES.

DELEGATES from more than 100 of the important motoring and touring associations of the world, composing the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme and representing in the aggregate more than 10,000,000 members, will meet in London as the guests of the Automobile Association from June 2 to 5. Readers of these notes will be glad to learn that the object of the Congress is to extend facilities for international travel. Among the projects to be discussed is the development of great international highways joining Calcutta and Cape Town to London. Also Great Britain will benefit by an influx of tourists from all parts of the universe as the result of this A.I.T. meeting in London.

As a matter of fact, the A.A. are indirectly helping the British motor manufacturers by their hospitality to the Congress, as well as the travelling public generally. The more the world is provided with better roads, the greater the field for the sale of British light cars. And, writing truthfully, we must realise that the great bulk of motor-cars produced in Great Britain to-day come within that category, due to our own excellent highways and a much restricted income of the English general motoring public. They cannot afford to maintain and run large, heavy motors with increased insurance, oil, tyre, and petrol bills. Therefore, although I welcome the 25 per cent. reductions in the horsepower tax which will come into operation on Jan. 1, 1935, not for a moment do I expect the sales of the light car from 8 h.p. to 12 h.p. to fall off on this account. Only increased earning and spending

that the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission can be safely used as an emergency brake, Miss Marjorie

the highest marks of any entrant. They are driving a similar car this year and hope to repeat last year's performance, which should give them the Cup if they succeed in maintaining such an excellent average speed for the twenty-four hours. Among the other entrants also driving Riley cars are Freddie Dixon, Cyril Paul, S. H. Newsome, D. McClure, Mesdames Gas and Trevous, and the French drivers, Messieurs Sebileau and Delaroche.

In order to prove



A CAR WITH AN UNUSUAL CHASSIS, DESIGNED TO MEET THE OWNER'S SPECIAL IDEAS: GRACEFUL BODYWORK BY MESSRS. HOOPER AND CO. (COACHBUILDERS); AND (INSET) THE CAPACIOUS BOOT WHICH IT EMBODIES. The body of this car is mounted on a long wheel-base Siddeley "Special" chassis. The hood, when folded, lies perfectly flat, and can be easily raised or lowered. The boot is unusually capacious and provides accommodation for four sets of golf-clubs, with a special recess for golf shoes and so forth.



Cottle, one of the best-known women motor competition "jockeys," drove a 10-h.p. B.S.A. car up the six "Lakeland" passes—the three Kirkstones, Wrynose, Hard Knott, and Honister—and then descended the hills without touching either the hand or foot brakes. This was officially observed by the R.A.C., and the observer sealed both brakes, so that there should be no chance of using them without breaking the seals, which remained unbroken at the end of the trial. Some idea as to the efficiency of the car and its transmission may be gathered when it is realised that in places the gradients of Wrynose, Hard Knott, and Honister passes are 1 in 3½, as steep as anything that can be found on hills generally all over the world.

Now, while I do not suppose owners of B.S.A., Lanchester, Daimler, and other cars fitted with fluid flywheels ever need to perform what I consider rather a brutal attack on defenceless machinery, they may like to know how Miss Cottle drove the car down the hills without using the brakes, in case an emergency requires them to do likewise. On the descent of the three Kirkstone passes the car's speed was checked by use of the ordinary first-speed ratio of the

pre-selector gearbox, with an occasional use of "second" if the car was too greatly slowed down. On the steepest stretches of the other hills, the driver allowed the car to coast down with the reverse gear pre-selected and engaged it from time to time, "revving" up the engine as required to bring the car to a standstill. The transmission system on the car generally was undamaged by this rough treatment, which certainly demonstrated that these cars are safety personified as regards braking powers. Also hydraulic clutches and hydraulic couplings to any shaft have a wonderful cushioning effect on any sudden strain or wrenching of the metal, and so absorb the sudden jerk which would cause the damage with an ordinary type of clutch coupling.

I suggest that "fluid flywheel" equipped cars should be very suitable to cover the lovely and mountainous route of the forthcoming Alpine Trial, starting from Nice on Tuesday, Aug. 7. The cars will be officially examined on the two previous days to see that they are ordinary standard productions. Then the first day's run is from Nice to

Aix-les-Bains (485 kilometres); the second from that delightful watering-place to Interlaken (421 kilometres); thence to St. Moritz (371 kilometres); and the fourth day's run from St. Moritz to Venezia (549 kilometres). On the fifth day the competitors proceed to Zagreb (436 kilometres), and on the sixth and final day of the Trial go to Munich (616 kilometres), the longest and flattest run of the Trial. There will be two speed tests with flying starts—one on my old friend the Col du Galibier on the first day, and the other on the Stelvio on the fourth day, besides a speed test on the flat over a distance

not exceeding 10 kilometres. But I can thoroughly recommend this "round the Alps" run as an ordinary tour outside of the competition to motorists who want an enjoyable motoring holiday, and are not too pressed for time to see the marvellous scenery.

The British Empire Trophy Race organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club will be run at Brooklands on June 23. This event should prove to be one of the best spectacular races of the season. The course is laid out to simulate a road with bends and hairpin corners which drivers will take at high speeds, so great skill is necessary to avoid crashing the cars into sandbanks erected on the three miles' circuit. The total distance is 300 miles, and no doubt we shall see a repetition of the duel between

[Continued overleaf.]



TOURING IN PICTURESQUE HOLLAND: A 1934 ROVER "FOURTEEN" COUPÉ, WHICH EMBODIES HARMONIC STABILISER AND CONTROLLED FREE-WHEELING.

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powers of the present motor-owning public will bring them out of their light-car class to a real high-powered, comfort-giving carriage.

On June 16 and 17 the annual twenty-four-hours Prix d'Endurance motor race for touring cars will be run at Le Mans, with the Rudge-Whitworth Cup as the principal prize. Great Britain hopes to win the 1933-34 Cup, as its representatives, Messrs. K. S. Peacock and A. Van der Becke, driving a Riley, finished fourth last year in the qualifying event for this year's Cup race at an average speed of nearly 20 miles per hour faster than the minimum qualifying pace. This won them the handicap prize by gaining



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(Continued.)

Mr. Whitney W. Straight and the Hon. Brian Lewis, as in the recent International Trophy, when the former won by only 4 seconds in that 250 miles race. These drivers are competing in this Empire Trophy Race, together with some fifty other entrants, including Earl Howe, Mr. John Cobb, Mr. Humphrey W.

Cook, Mr. Victor Riley, Mr. Kaye Don, "Freddie" Dixon, and Capt. G. E. T. Eyston.

Entries close on June 13 for the fifth annual Concours d'Élégance to be held at Eastbourne on June 27. This "beauty show" for cars has a wide variety of classes, especially suitable for private-car owners outside of the trade. The latter are practically barred in this competition. Any motorist wishing for further particulars of this holiday "with a purpose" at the seaside should write to the Secretary, Mr. E. Egerton, 21, Gildredge Road, Eastbourne, and ask for the particulars of the twenty-five classes available for entrants. There are a large number of handsome prizes to be won.

Ramsgate holds its Concours d'Élégance on Saturday, July 14, in conjunction with the Ramsgate Charter Jubilee celebrations. Here nineteen classes are available to entrants, and the event will conclude with a dinner and dance at the Granville Hotel on the East Cliff. Regulations and entry forms may be obtained from the secretary, Chamber of Commerce Office, Popular Hotel, Harbour Parade, Ramsgate.

Seaside resorts are holding a number of these attractive competitions for private-car owners, and in all cases have special entertainments to welcome those taking part in the Concours. Both Eastbourne and Ramsgate will be particularly gay during the respective weeks in which these motor-car Beauty Shows are held.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TOUCH WOOD," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"C. L. ANTHONY" (who is so much better known among regular playgoers by her own name of Dodie Smith that she would be well advised to abandon her *nom de plume*) has with this play brought off what is, one believes, described in racing circles as a "treble." Her first play, "Autumn Crocus," was a great success; her second, "Service," was a sufficient one to satisfy most dramatists; while her third, "Touch Wood," is certain of a lengthy run. True, up to now Miss Smith has had more than her fair share of beginner's luck, for Mr. Basil Dean, having produced all three, has provided her

(Continued overleaf.)



THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN HAUNTED BY THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL; BUT NOW SAID TO BE FREE OF THAT SPIRIT, HAVING BEEN GIVEN HER ORIGINAL NAME AGAIN: "THE LADY OF AVENEL" LEAVING BRIDLINGTON HARBOUR.

The White Lady of Avenel, it will be remembered, is a guardian spirit in Walter Scott's "Monastery," and members of the Avenel family figure not only in that work, but in the same writer's "Abbot." "The Lady of Avenel," the only brigantine now flying the Red Ensign, was named after the spirit in question, and six months ago, when she was lying idle in Leith Harbour, the night watchman would not sleep in her alone, because one evening, when he was reading, his lamp burned low, and he is convinced that he saw the White Lady coming through the bulkhead and passing out of the cabin. Believers in the ghost avow that the apparition began to haunt the ship when she was first renamed—she has been the "Island" and the "Virgo"—and think that now she is the "Lady of Avenel" once more there will be no further visitations. The vessel's new owner, Mr. F. S. Jackson, of Leeds, has converted her into a luxury yacht, with auxiliary engines, and she left Bridlington recently for a pleasure cruise.



THE FIGURE-HEAD OF "THE LADY OF AVENEL"—REPRESENTING THE WHITE LADY WHO IS SAID TO HAVE HAUNTED THE SHIP.

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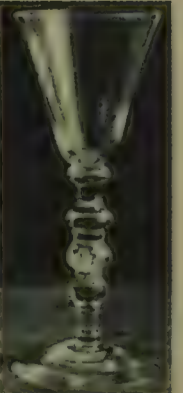
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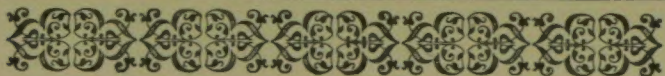
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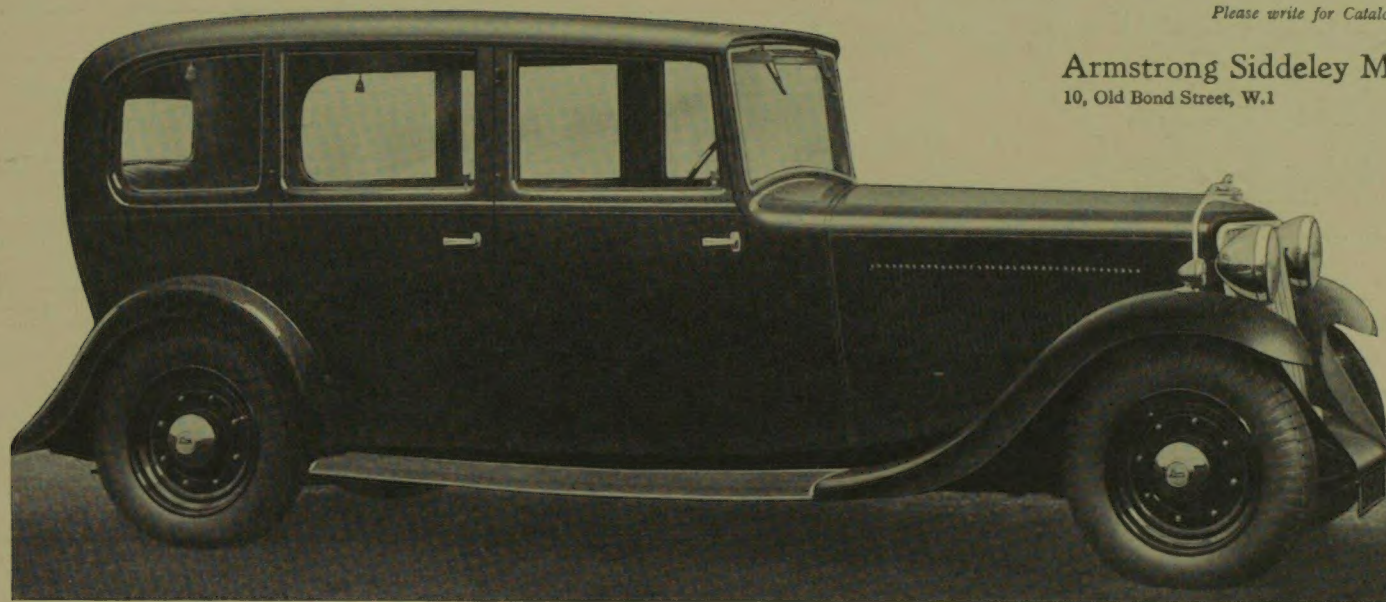
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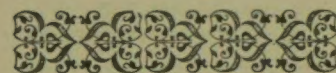
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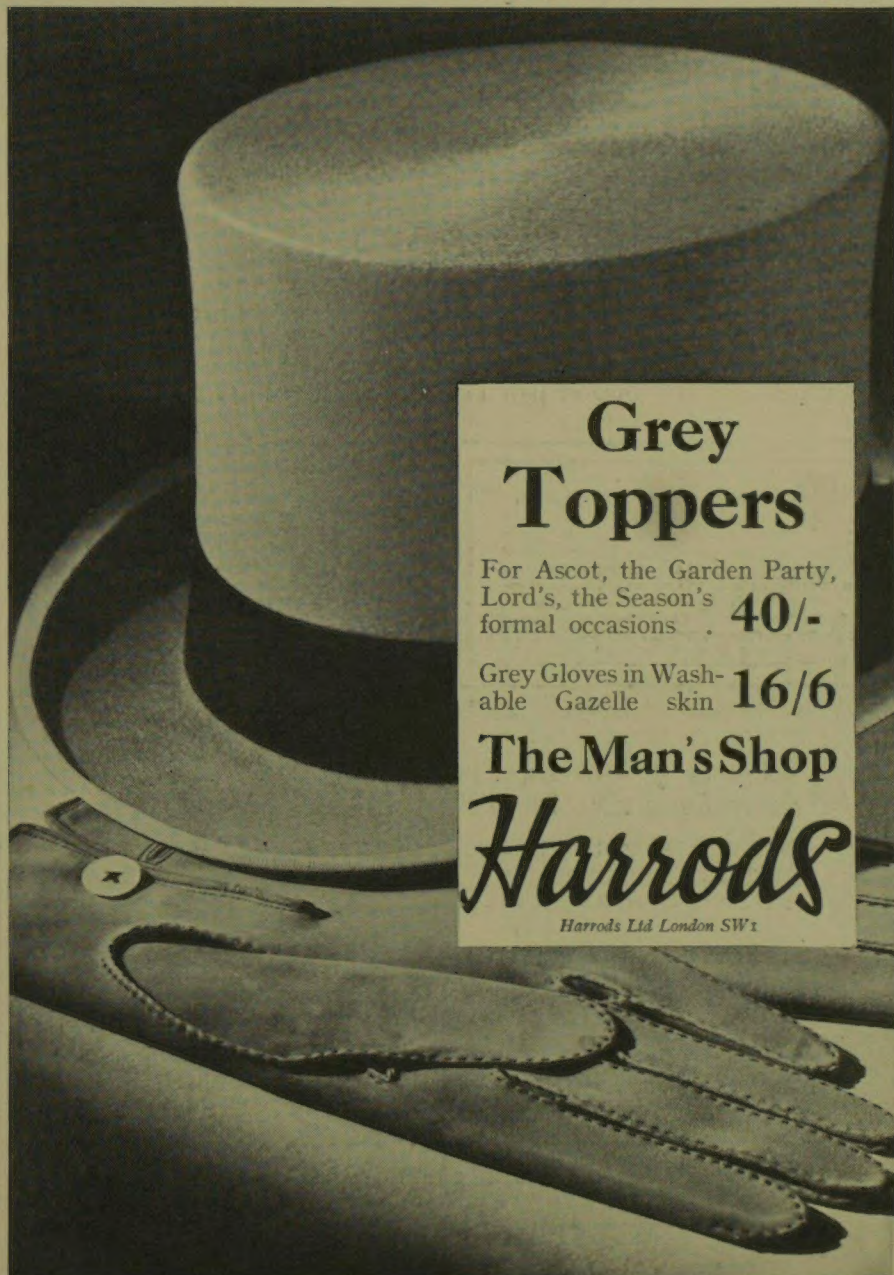
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(Continued.)

with ideal casting and production. In this, her latest comedy, she displays definite advancement as a dramatist. Her characterisation, always good, is better; her dialogue, always ideally "speakable," is racier; while her besetting sin of mistaking sentimentality for sentiment is held well in check. Miss Smith's setting—the placid one of a second-rate hotel on the coast of Scotland—serves as a background for a sufficiently normal group of people. These include a crushed little city stationer humiliated by the amorous adventures of his wife. The flaccid tragedy of a fat, elderly wife, dubious as to whether she should be more anxious or angry when her husband stays out beyond the hours considered convenient in the Highlands. There is the girl ("almost an orphan, seeing that her mother is dead and her father plays golf") who becomes enamoured of a loved, and loving, middle-aged husband. There are, indeed, a dozen or so perfectly drawn characters, none of them exceeding the bounds of dramatic licence. The third act needs ruthless cutting, and then this play should be as great a success as the Haymarket has had. Miss Dorothy Hyson gives a well-nigh perfect performance

as the youthful victim of calf-love. The acting, indeed, reaches that stage of perfection in which praise grows monotonous to the reader.

"ONCE UPON A TIME," AT THE LITTLE.

This "fairy-tale" title is singularly appropriate, inasmuch as wicked fairies are always hunchbacked and ugly, and the good straight and beautiful. The heroine of this play is first shown with twisted lips, shuffling gait, and dull eye. Nature having designed her for the rôle of a witch, she has turned to crime. While burgling the house of a famous plastic surgeon, she falls and breaks her leg. Hearing her story, he decides to help her, and after a marvellous operation transforms her into the extremely attractive young woman Miss Helena Pickard can so easily portray. (Miss Pickard's impersonation of a mentally and physically malformed woman in the first act was a perfect piece of work.) As soon as she becomes beautiful, her whole nature changes; she takes the innocent child she has contracted to poison under her fairy-like wing, and eventually marries a Prince Charming. A quaint mixture of crook drama, psychology, and the

"penny novelette." Slowness of production handicapped it on the first night.

"THE QUITTER," AT THE ROYALTY.

A sufficiently entertaining, if not very exciting "thriller." All of the play's four authors being British, it is strange they have chosen the crook underworld of New York as the setting for their drama, for it is in its use of an eccentric idiom that the authentic American drama scores in this country. The play deals with the efforts of a one-time crook to go straight. Discovered by his old associates, he is forced to rejoin them in crime. The second act is sufficiently exciting, with its "safe-cracking," flourishing of revolvers, murder, and so on. The third swerves into originality. A good-hearted crook assists his sister and her husband to escape from the clutches of the gang, though he knows full well that vengeance will fall on him. An admirable performance is given by Mr. Ben Welden as the amiable brother-in-law. Other performances competent, without calling for individual praise.

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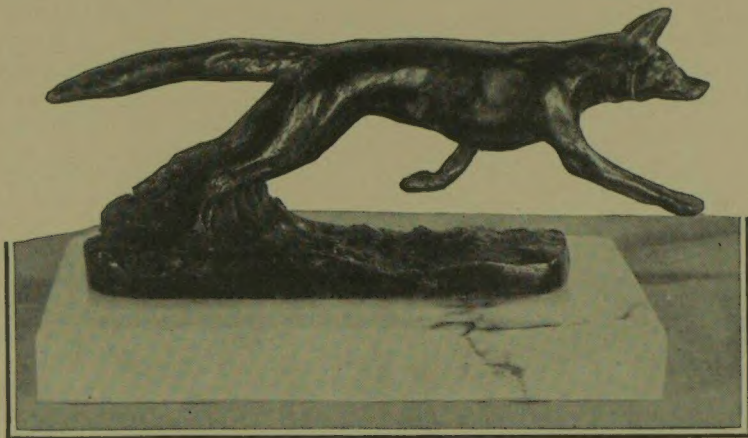
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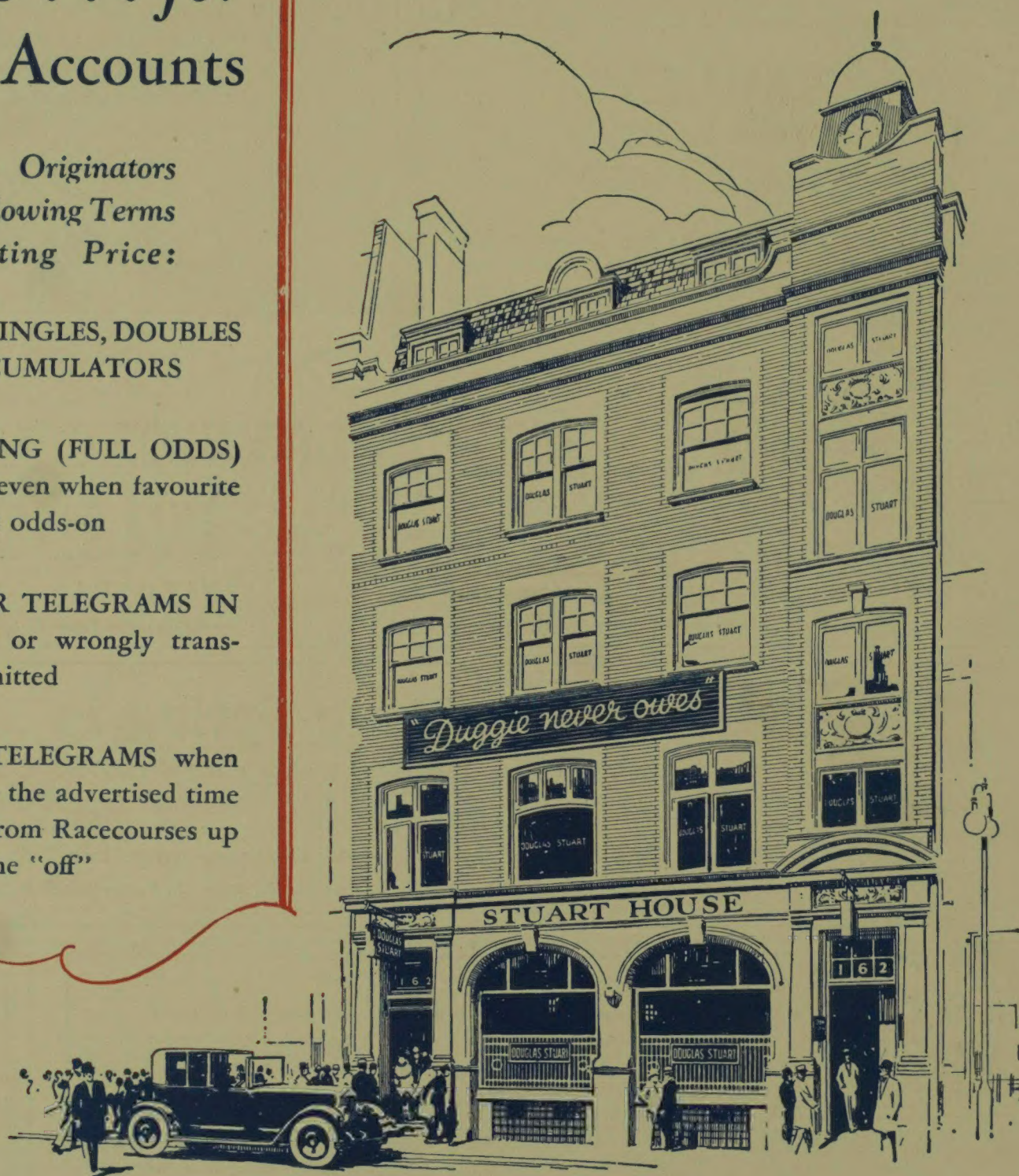
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